

GUITAR/LYRICS

SLIM DUSTY SONG BOOK

Vol 2



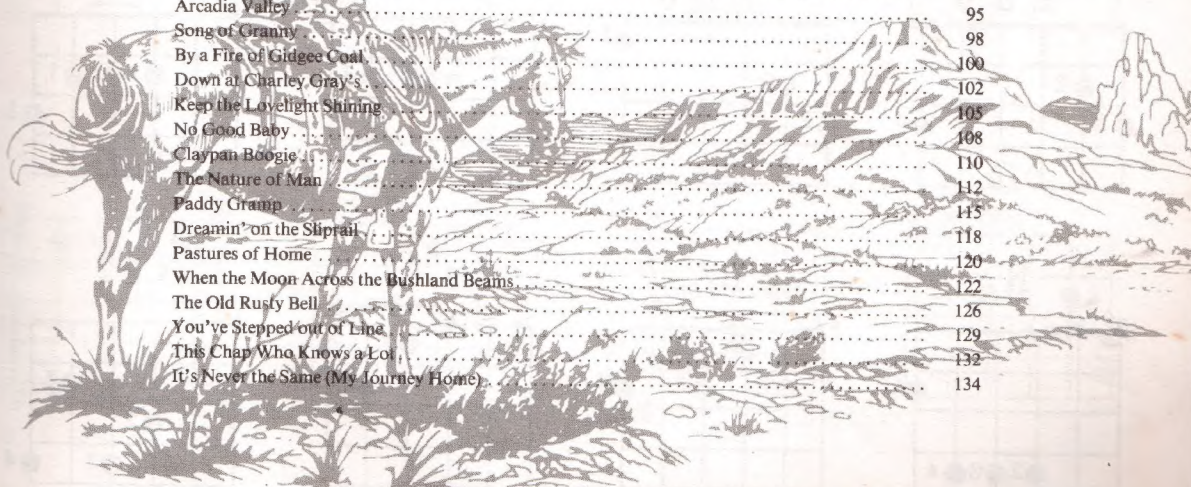
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John H. Fell

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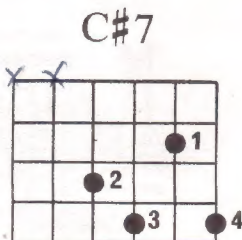
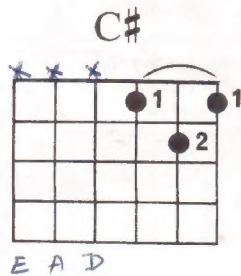
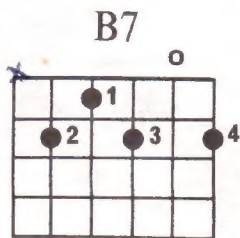
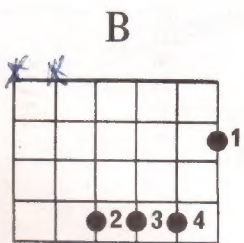
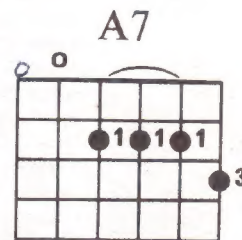
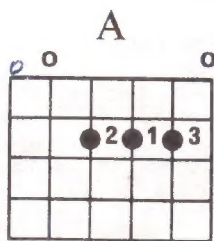
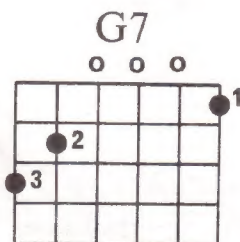
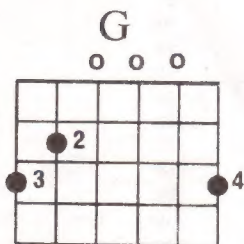
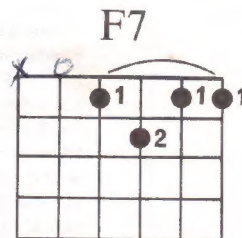
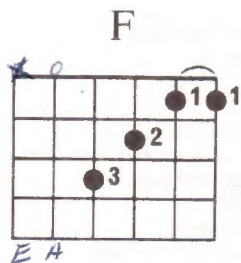
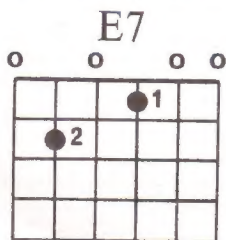
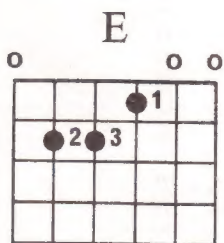
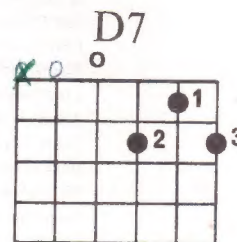
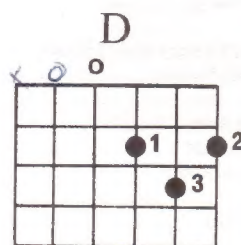
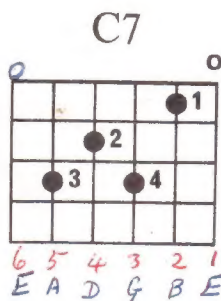
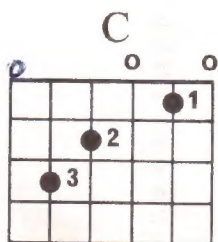
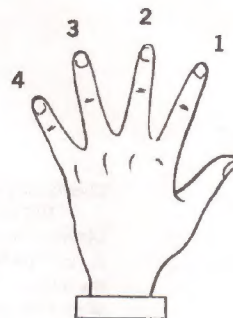
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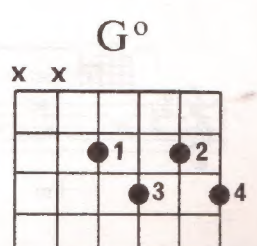
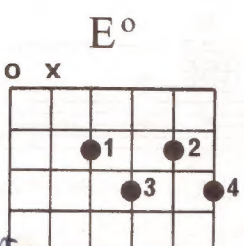
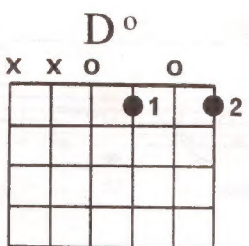
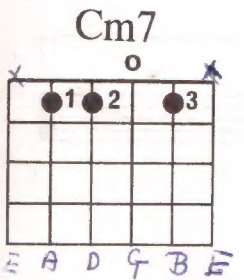
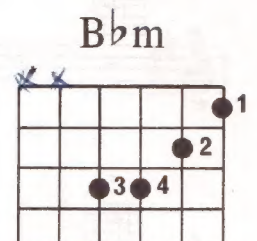
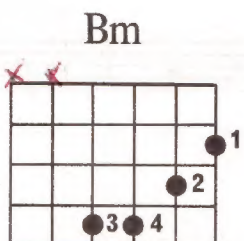
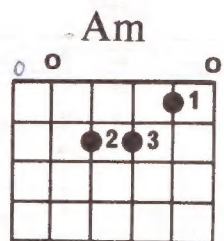
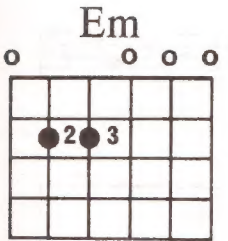
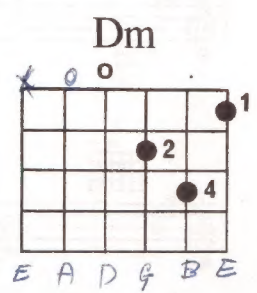
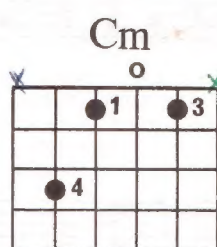
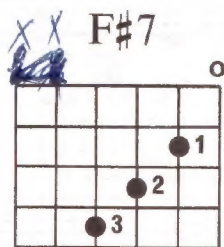
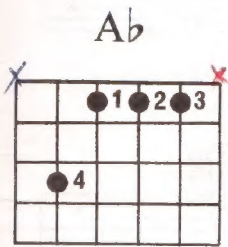
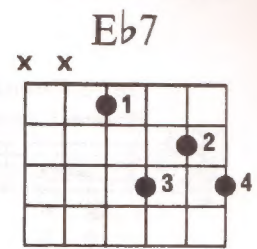
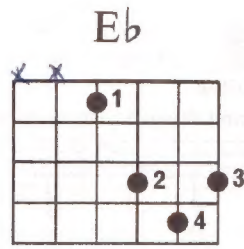
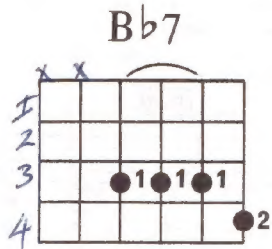
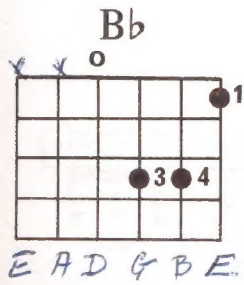


6 5 4 3 2 1
E A D G B E

CHORDS AND FINGERINGS for every song in this book

Note: Strings marked with a cross are not sounded.





DINKI-DI AUSSIE

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Electric guitar
(Bottom E string tuned down to D)

A7

D

1. I was born in a bro - ken down wag - on - ette

on a far — dis - tant Queens - land stock route,

My shawl was a dust - y old sad - dle cloth, I'm a

verses 1 - 6

dink - i - di Aus - sie, — no — doubt. 2. I was

last verse rit.

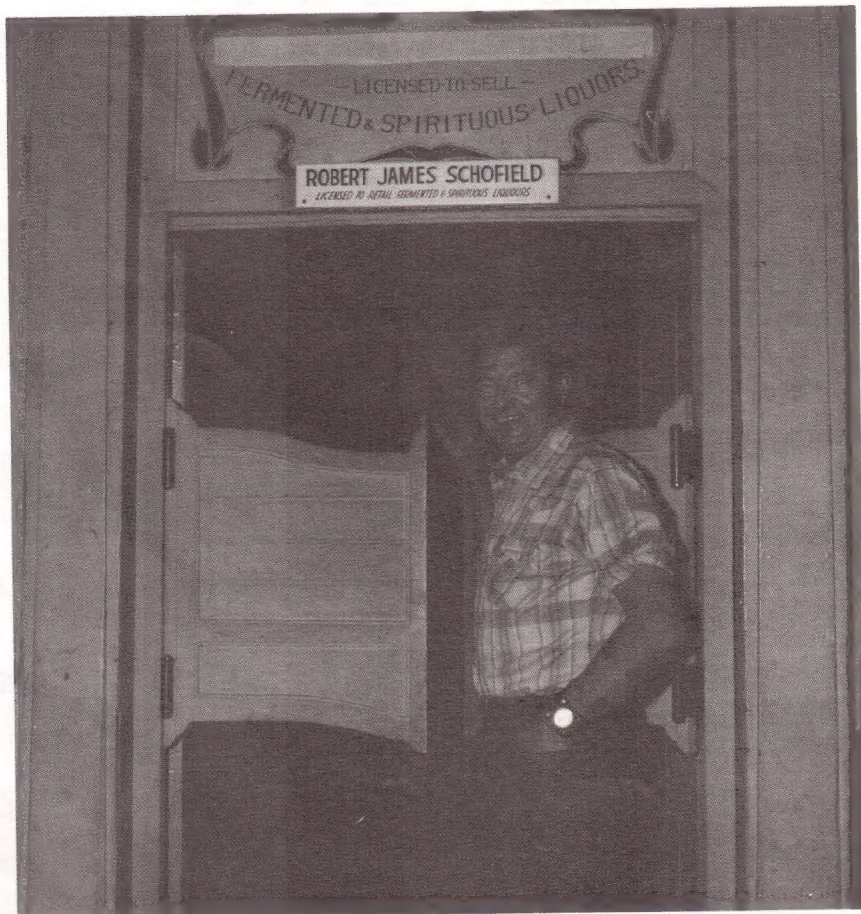
I'm a dink - i - di Aus - sie, — no — doubt.

2. I was raised on the milk of a kangaroo,
My dummy was a rum bottle cork,
My diet was damper and bully beef,
I'm a dinki-di Aussie corn stalk.
3. I went to the class of a two-up school
Where a cockatoo watched for the law,
My teacher was a bare knuckled pugilist,
I'm a dinki-di Aussie for sure.
4. I work in the country for many months,
And some people say that I'm queer,
With a fat cheque I head for the nearest town,
And I bust it on horses and beer.
5. I'm allergic to red tape and relations,
No in-laws can yap down my ear,
I'm rough and I'm rowdy and I drink a bit,
I'm the cause of that pub with no beer.
6. When finally I go to that other land
A preacher man told me you see,
He said the reception will be very warm
For dinki-di Aussies like me.
7. But I was born in a broken-down wagonette
On a far distant Queensland stock route,
My diet was damper and bully beef,
I'm a dinki-di Aussie no doubt.

A Pub With No Beer

I guess everybody knows all about Australia's saddest song. It was originated in North Queensland by an old Irishman, Dan Sheahan, my mate for many a long beer, I mean 'year'.

Gordon Parsons built the verses up with a lot of characters, set it to a good tune, and I recorded it first as a B side to my song, *Saddle Boy*. But oh boy, people just got the message and away it went. Today it's a part of our folk lore... Thanks to Dan and Gordon. A journalist somewhere was rude enough to comment that Gordon and I could have been the reasons for *The Pub With No Beer*. Here's to "The Pub".



A PUB WITH NO BEER

7

Words and Music by
GORDON PARSONS

1. It's lone - some a - way from your kin - dred and
all, By the camp - fire at night where the wild din - goes
call; But there's noth - ing so lone - some, so mor - bid or
drear, Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no
beer. 16

2. Now the beer.

verses 1 - 6 last verse

2. Now the publican's anxious
For the quota to come,
There's a far away look
On the face of the "bum";
The maid's gone all cranky,
And cook's acting queer,
What a terrible place
Is a pub with no beer.

3. Then the stockman rides up
With his dry dusty throat,
He breasts up to the bar,
Pulls a wad from his coat,
But the smile on his face
Quickly turns to a sneer,
When the barman says sadly:
"The pub's got not beer."

4. Then the swaggie comes in
Smothered in dust and flies,
He throws down his roll,
Rubs the sweat from his eyes;
But when he is told he says:
"What's this I hear?"

Spoken: I've trudged fifty flamin' miles
To a pub with no beer."

SUNG: 5. There's a dog on the v'randah,
For his master he waits,
But the boss is inside
Drinking wine with his mates;
He hurries for cover
And he cringes in fear,
It's no place for a dog
'Round a pub with no beer.

6. Old Billy the Blacksmith,
The first time in his life
Has gone home cold sober
To his darling wife;
He walks in the kitchen,
She says: "You're early my dear,"
But he breaks down and tells her:
"The pub's got no beer."

7. It's lonesome away
From your kindred and all,
By the campfire at night
Where the wild dingoes call;
But there's nothing so lonesome,
So morbid or drear
Than to stand in a bar
Of a pub with no beer.

BIG JOHN

9

Words and Music by
RODNEY GOW

Intro: Guitar



Spoken: "Big

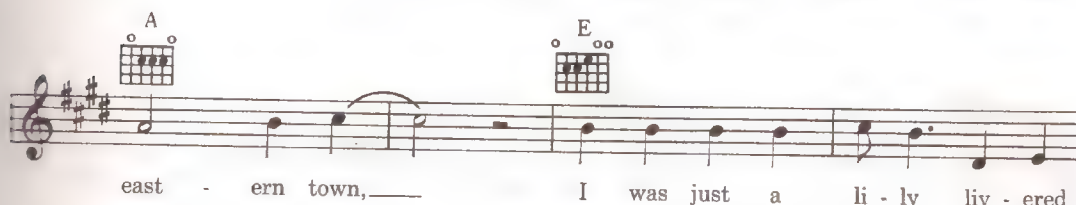


John".

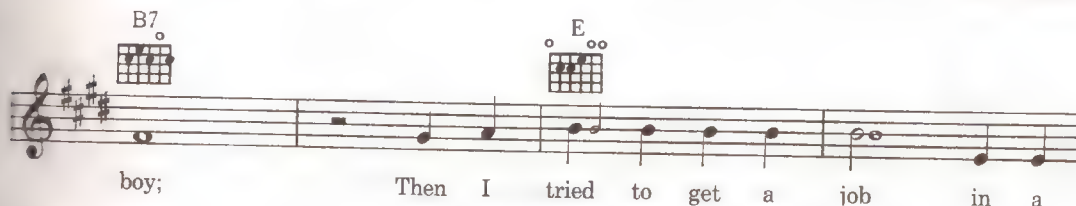


VERSES

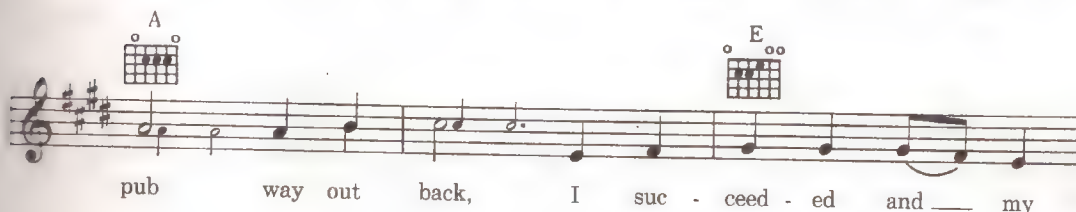
1. I was born and raised in an



east - ern town, — I was just a li - ly liv - ered



boy; Then I tried to get a job in a



pub way out back, I suc - ceed - ed and — my

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B7 E

verses 1, 3, 5, 7 & 8 Last time D.S. D.S.

heart leapt with joy. 2. The

E CHORUS A

verses 2, 4, 6 & 9

Big John's a - com - ing, Get set to run, —

A E

— He's a mad - man with a stock - whip and a

F#7 B7 E

kill - er with a gun; Big John's a -

E A

com - ing, Bet - ter clear the streets, —

E B7 E

1st, 2nd & 3rd time D.S. D.S. with repeat

Big John will fight an - y - one he meets. 3. The

E B7 E

last time

Big John will fight an - y - one he meets.

2. The boss said: "Son, oh you'll be alright,
If you just remember what I say,
If somebody yells 'Big John's a-coming',
Run, 'cause you've just got to get away."

CHORUS

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

3. The job went well for a week or so
Then a worn-out man burst through the door,
"Oh Big John's a-coming!"
He let out with a yell,
And collapsed and died on the floor.
4. Oh, everybody ran, was a real stampede,
In a second there was no one there but me,
So I stood behind the bar
With a bottle in my hand,
Thought: "This is what I've come outback to see."

CHORUS

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

5. I looked out the window, then up the street,
I couldn't believe what my eyes told me,
He was eight foot tall
And he was four feet wide,
And he sat astride a giant buffalo.
6. His hair was long and matted,
His clothes were made of iron,
A crocodile followed on a leash;
As he reached the hitching rail
He punched the buffalo to the ground,
And the crocodile cringed out of his reach.

CHORUS

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

7. Well he busted down the door
As he crashed into the room,
I pushed a dozen bottles across the bar;
As he grabbed one up
And as he drank it down,
I was wishing I was home with my Ma.
8. Well he polished off the dozen
And smashed 'em to the floor,
Then his blood shot eyes grew big and bright;
I grabbed another carton
And said: "Here mate, help yourself,"
Then he spoke to me and I turned ghostly white.
9. "No thanks," he said,
"I haven't got the time,
I have to continue my running,
And you'd better run too,
If your know what's good for you,
Don't you know that

CHORUS

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

WHEN YOU'RE SHORT OF A QUID

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Key Bb: Capo 1st Fret
Capo chords in brackets

1. Well I've lis - tened with pa - tience to
all your sad tales, When you're short of a smoke or the
pub has no ale; But tell me fair
din - kum I don't want you to kid, Have you ev - er been
drift - ing and short of a quid? 2. If you've
drift - ing and short of a quid?

verses 1 - 6

last verse

Handwritten annotations: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

2. If you've been to a strange town
In search of a job,
Where a stranger's not welcome
With the local born mob;
Then you've probably done
The same thing as I did,
Stood around in the bar
And was short of a quid.
3. As I gazed at the drinkers
All quenching their thirst,
My lips were so dry,
I thought they would burst;
I reckoned someone would notice,
But nobody did,
They'd apparently never
Been short of a quid.
4. Now the publican's looks
Were as black as the night,
And I heard someone whisper;
"This bloke's on the bite";
So I held up my wristwatch
And called for a bid,
But no one would buy it
Or lend me a quid.
5. Now you blokes who have money
To travel in style,
May laugh at my story,
But I too can smile;
And to the battler and drifter
I'll raise my old lid,
'Cause they know what it's like
To be short of a quid.
6. So if the pub has no beer
You can always drink rum,
While you wait with your mates
For the quota to come;
But your poor head gets wrinkled
Like the hat on your head,
When you stand in the bar
And you're short of a quid.
7. Yes I've listened with patience
To all your sad tales,
When you're short of a smoke
Or the pub has no ale;
But tell me fair dinkum,
I don't want you to kid,
Have you ever been drifting
And short of a quid?

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER TONIGHT

Words and Music by
SHORTY RANGER

VERSE

1. A - way to the west in a small coun - try —

town, With thoughts of a home 'neath the pines, — I

heard some - one sing of moth - er to - night, And

some - bod - y's moth - er — is mine. 2. I

CHORUS

I'm sor - ry moth - er, dear, — For the

things that I've — done, For bring - ing you so man - y —

Chord Diagrams:

- D:
- A7:
- D7:
- G:

tears, _____ But you're still my moth - er _____ and

I'm still your son, I'll be back home for your sun - set

years. _____ 3. New years. _____

first time D.S. with repeat last time

2. I realize now
How lonesome you've been
And how many times you did pray,
You asked God to guide
My wandering steps
Each hour of each lonely day.

CHORUS

I'm sorry mother, dear, *etc.*

3. New faces may come
New friends they may go,
There's so many changes I see,
I've been all around,
But now I have found
There's no one like mother to me.
4. So when all the clouds
Have drifted and gone,
And the moon o'er the valley is bright,
I long to be near,
To comfort and cheer
That somebody's mother tonight.
5. I realize now how lonesome you've been
And how many times you did pray,
You asked God to guide
My wandering steps
And I'm wandering homeward today.

CHORUS

I'm sorry mother, dear, *etc.*

The Grandest Homestead Of All

This song goes back to so long ago sitting out on the old home verandah, the day's work done on the farm, and after tea, it was often a great relief and relaxation to sing and strum the guitar. Sometimes out of these quiet sessions would come a song. We always seemed close to God in that Old Nulla Nulla Valley...

I'm sure Dad had an easy ride to the *Grandest Homestead Of All...*



THE GRANDEST HOMESTEAD OF ALL

17

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Handwritten notes: 8 BARS, 7 BAR, 5, 16

1. In the shade of the friend - ly old
gum - tree a dy - ing young stock - man there
lay, As the sun went to rest o'er the
hills in the west, At the close of a long sum - mer's
day. His com - rades were gath - ered a -



round him, And his twi - light hours rolled
on, And the mess - age he gave them e'er
leav - ing I've hum - bly put in - to
song. 2. "I all."

Chords: D, G, C#7, F#7, G, A7, D, E7, A7, D.

verses 1 - 3 last verse

2. "I leave you, dear pals of the bushland,
I bid you farewell with a smile,
Don't let there be woe,
My turn's come to go,
It's only but for a short while.
In that land where temptation is banished,
Where sorrow will never recall,
I'll meet you someday with our Saviour
At the far grandest homestead of all."
3. "There'll be cattle so grand for each muster
On the plains rolling wide way up there,
And the colour so green,
Such as we've never seen,
And the bush like a maiden so fair.
When my bridle and saddle are covered
With cobweb and dust on the wall,
Just remember I'll need them up yonder
At the far grandest homestead of all."
4. "Tell mother back home who is waiting,
Although it is our parting day,
Tell her not to weep,
Those vows I did keep,
I'll meet her in heaven some day.
The shadows are creeping around me,
And thund'ring hoofbeats I hear fall,
It's time to be ready and riding
For the far grandest homestead of all."

SPRINGTIME ON THE RANGE

19

Key E: Capo 2nd Fret
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

E (D) *Pick, strum* B7 (A7) E (D)

E (D) E (D) **VERSES** F#7 (E7)

1. It's a bon - za day — to - day as — I jog a - long my

F#7 (E7) B7 (A7)

way, Spring is here and clo - ver is in

E (D)

bloom, And the trees are green — and

E (D) F#7 (E7)

fair, And — there's sweet - ness in the air, — Old

B7 (A7) E (D)

Moth - er Na - ture seems to be in tune.

CHORUSES

Oh, the skies are blue and bright, There is
 not a cloud in sight, I jig a - long and
 swing my bri - dle reins, It's the
 on - ly life for me, And for - ev - er I will
 be a - rid - ing when it's spring - time on the range.

YODEL 1

Ha lee la la loo - oo - ee de la - ee - oh de
 la - ee - oh de la - ee dee. 1 2 D.S. al fine 2. Rid - ing

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It includes guitar chord diagrams for E major (D), B7 (A7), and F#7 (E7). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The 'YODEL 1' section features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with a '1' indicating a first ending and a '2 D.S. al fine' instruction for a second ending. The final line of the score shows the lyrics 'la - ee - oh de la - ee dee.' followed by a first ending bracket and a second ending bracket labeled '2. Rid - ing'.

YODEL 2

Chords: E (D), A (G), E (D), B7 (A7), E (D), B7 (A7), E (D), A (G), E (D).

Vocal lines:

Coo - ee - ee, Co - oo - oo - ee,

Oh de la - ee de de de dee;

de de de dee.

rit.

2. Riding singing all alone
 Down the same old road to home,
 I see the horses dozing in the sun,
 And the rabbits are at play,
 Where the station cattle stray,
 A peaceful picture of the dear old run.

CHORUS

Where a man can always sing
 In the winter or the spring,
 Where the white faced cattle
 Roam the dusty plains;
 Let me yarn with the boys at night,
 When the fires are blazen' bright,
 Out yonder when its springtime on the range.

Yodel 2

FAIR DINKUM

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro:
Electric guitar
Rock'n roll feel

B7

A

E

1. I don't re-mem-ber how long, It's a num-ber of

A

E

years, We've been lov-ing a-long

E

B7

through laugh-ter and tears; I got-ta set-tle down

E

A

soon, Do some se-ri-ous think-ing,

A

B7

'Cause I love you so, So fair

verses 1 - 4

last verse

dink - um. _____

dink - um. _____

2. Everytime that we fight
It leaves me so sad,
I come round and see
Your Mum and Dad;
They give me that look,
They know what I'm thinkin',
They leave us alone
To be fair dinkum.
3. So believe it or not,
Though it's hard to believe,
I guess I'm your Adam
And you're my Eve;
You're always in my mind
To blur my thinkin',
And that must be love,
Love fair dinkum.
4. I remember one time
We said we were through,
I went off down town
For a time or two.
Met up with your girlfriends,
At them I was winkin',
But I love you so,
I'd say fair dinkum.
5. So wherever I roam,
On land or on sea,
You'll be in my heart
Eternally.
Til the end of time,
When the world starts shrinkin',
You'll be in my heart,
And that's fair dinkum.

I MUST HAVE GOOD TERBACCY WHEN I SMOKE

25

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

D **A7** **D**
Pick, strum

1. I was

D **A7** **D**
1st verse only

talk - ing to a swag - gy yes - ter - day, His

G **D**

beard was long, his hair was sil - ver grey, His

A7 **D**

dress was out of style, But he wore a friend - ly smile, And

E7 **A** **A7**

here is what the old man had to say: 2. "You may

D **A7** **D** **D7**
verses 2-7

think me most un - u - su - al, my boy, When I

tell you straight that I am ston - y broke, I
 tramp from year to year and I'll drink all kinds of beer, But I
 like to have good 'bac - cy when I smoke." 3. "Now I'll

verses 2 - 6 last verse

3. "Now I'll show you this here old tobacco tin,
The paint is gone, the sides are dented in,
But it's opened many a bottle
In its wild and chequered life,
And to me it has always been a friend."
4. "I one time had a wife and everything,
But a stranger came and soon we were apart,
So I left my friends and home,
And I hit the road to roam,
But nicotine has mended my old heart."
5. "I've got no use for money in my life,
You strive and struggle 'til it gets you down,
I tramp until I lag and then I'll drop my swag,
And I'll sit and smoke and watch the world go round."
6. "When finally I reach the Golden Gates,
They say Saint Peter, he's a decent bloke,
If I'm taken with the blessed
This will be my last request:
Oh, I must have good terbaccy when I smoke."
7. Yes, I was talking to that swaggy yesterday,
And what he told me I'll remember clear,
Tramping out there with the breeze,
Happy as the birds and bees,
And I reckon that he has the right idea.

THE BALLAD OF HENRY LAWSON

27

Words by
W. RYLAND

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

CHORUSES

There's an Aus - sie we all know, — Where the

West - ern breez - es blow, — From North to South — he's

known far and wide: Hen - ry

Law - son was his name, But he nev - er rose to fame,

Un - til he crossed be - yond the Great — Di -

vide. —

VERSE

1. In a lit - tle place called
3. He —
5. He —

Last time to Coda

rit. a tempo

E B7

Gren - fell, When the gold was flow - ing free, And the

E B7

min - ers and their mon - ey came and went; In

E A

eight - een - six - ty - sev - en, When the town was on the

A B

spree, Hen - ry Law - son he was born there in a

1 E B7 2 E B7

tent. 2. He street. 1st time D.S. with repeat
4. He street. 2nd time D.S. without repeat

E B7 CODA

vide, Un - til he crossed be -

B7 E A E

yond the Great Di - vide.

2. He grew into a lanky lad
When Gulgong was his home,
His mind was bright,
He had those itchy feet;
He wrote a string of verses
Of the days he used to roam
From the dusty track outback to city street.

CHORUS

He drifted with the drovers
Across the Western Plains,
And he waltzed Matilda down the Lachlan side,
From the Barcoo to the Murray,
In droughts and flooding rains,
Oh, the bush was both his mother and his bride.

3. He passed by plain and mountain
And by burning desert sand,
By shearing shed and lonely cattle camp;
And when the beer was flowing
He was there to lend a hand
With his mates who shared his life upon the tramp.
4. He sang of wild bush brumbies,
Of teamsters and their teams,
Of outer tracks that only bushmen know;
He saw the mail coach coming
By plains and mountain streams,
And he wrote about the lights of Cobb and Co.

CHORUS

He told of lonely men outback
And women of the west,
Of folk that fought
To live in factory town;
But the swaggies of the old bush school
Were those he knew the best,
Where the waters of the Darling wander down.

5. He boiled his billy back of Bourke
And starved in city park,
He penned his poems in a shaky scroll;
But of all the old bush poets
That have passed and left their mark
Henry Lawson was the greatest of them all.

CHORUS

There's an Aussie we all know,
Where the western breezes blow,
From North to South he's known far and wide,
Henry Lawson was his name,
But he never rose to fame
Until he crossed beyond the Great Divide.

I BET YOU FEEL THE SAME

31

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

1. Dar - lin', dar - lin', hear my song, —

Sung by a brok - en heart, I love you and you

love me too, So why should we be a - part; There's

still a chance for our ro - mance, — I'll take all — the

blame, And un - less I miss my guess, I —

bet you feel the same. 3. Do

verses 1 & 2 last verse

2. Hand in hand we schemed and planned
Our future wedding day,
A life for two beneath the blue,
In a good old fashioned way.
Then trouble started and we parted,
Caused each other pain,
I'm feelin' blue for the day we knew,
And I bet you feel the same.
3. Do you remember that September,
Oh, what a happy time,
Our love so true
Came smilin' through,
And all the world was mine,
I long to meet you,
Just to greet you,
And let me explain,
And if we try we'll still get by,
And I bet you feel the same.

ALONG THE ROAD OF SONG

33

Words by
ALEX CORMACK

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

VERSES

1. 'Neath the gum - trees by the road - way, As the
sun went down out - back, I lay at rest in
peace - ful rev - er - ie. Then I
thought of all the songs I'd sung a - bout the out - side
track, And that is how this vi - sion came to
me. 2. As I Then a -

CHORUSES

long the road — came Farm - er Gray with his danc - in' Jer - sey

cow, But you'd nev - er know this fa - mous pair, They've

gone all high - brow now. But their har - vest days are

o - ver, Sad it is — to say, But they're

mak - in' much more mon - ey since the boo - gie came their

way.

1st time D.S. X without repeat

2nd & 3rd time D.S. X

3. And the

Last time D.S. X al fine

2. As I dozed there in the shadows
 'Neath the gumtrees by the road,
 I heard an angel singing there on high.
 Just welcomed into heaven
 Was a soldier and his dog,
 Never more would he and Rusty
 Say goodbye.

CHORUS

Then along the road came Farmer Gray, *etc.*

3. And the swaggy who liked good 'baccy
 Was smokin' a big cigar,
 And braggin' about the fights
 He'd had in town.
 Then the ghost of old King Bundawaal,
 With a wild old tribal yell,
 Hit 'em on the head
 With a killer boomerang.

CHORUS 2

Frankie and Johnnie next came by,
 Fighting the way they do,
 She said: "Johnnie man, you've been makin' eyes
 At that little girl dressed in blue,"
 He said: "I know I've done you wrong,
 Been doing so for years,
 And the road I travel now
 Is down that lonesome road of tears."

CHORUS 3

Then along came Farmer Wilson
 Dressed in a bathing suit,
 A life belt hanging round his neck
 And a flipper on each boot.
 He says: "Well things ain't been the same
 Since the distant day gone by,
 When a certain character wrote a song
 'Bout the wet month of July."

CHORUS 4

So I says to Farmer Wilson:
 "Do you reckon I'm to blame?"
 His eyes went wild and his whiskers shook
 And his face went red as flame,
 "Yes, you're the bloke that wrote the song
 That's made my farm a sea,
 And they're catchin' fish with spinners now
 Where my cow yard used to be."

4. 'Neath the gumtrees by the roadway
 As the Sun goes down outback,
 I lay at rest in peaceful reverie,
 Then I thought of all the songs I'd sung,
 About the outside track,
 And that is how this vision came to me.

LOSIN' MY BLUES TONIGHT

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

G **G** verses 1 - 4

1. Oh, you've done me wrong,— But it

C **G** **D7**

won't be long— 'ere my blues are out— of sight, For that

G **G7** **C** **G** **D**

big green en - gine's read - y to go,— Roll - in' out of town— to -

G **G**

1 night. 2 time. Oh!

G **C** **CHORUS**

sling that coal— and hear that en - gine roll, Keep the

G **D** **G**

sig - nals clear— to - night; Wom - en, wine and song,— I've

2. See the steam and hear the whistle scream,
And we're off on the northern line,
Flyin' thirty-eight,
Never known to be late,
Rock and roll along on time.

CHORUS

Oh! sling that coal, *etc.*

3. I've been in town,
And I've been foolin' round,
And I spent some time in jail,
Gonna start again,
Don't know where or when,
But tonight I'm changin' my trail.
4. It's good to see
The bushland free
'Neath the moon and the stars so bright,
And this old green rattler
Seems to know
I'm a-losin' my blues tonight.

CHORUS

Oh! sling that coal, *etc.*

LAST CHORUS

Oh! sling that coal
And hear that engine roll,
Keep the signals clear tonight,
Let the smoke clouds fly,
I'm sayin' goodbye,
Gonna lose my blues tonight.

BACK TO THE SALTBUSH PLAINS

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

A7  *Pick, strum* D  G 

G 

1. Throw - ing off — these cit - y clothes, Go - ing where the

G 

gid - gee grows, Head - ing for a west - ern cat - tle

D  D7 

run; 8. Leave my sweet - heart catch a train, —

D7 

Head - ing for the salt - bush plain, Way out to -

D7  G 

wards the set - ting sun. verses 1 - 4 last verse

2. My

2. My restless heart has been tied down
By a girl and by a town,
But now I'm gonna throw the sliprails wide,
Let my wild emotions out,
Want to cooee, want to shout,
As I rake a fiery brumby's hide.
3. I want to let my voice go free,
A reckless gallop through the trees,
Hard upon a racing scrubber's trail;
Hear the timber round me break,
Feel the saddle leather quake,
As I down the scrubber by the tail.
4. I want to boil my battered quart,
Want to hear the stock horse snort,
Hear the dingoes howling mournfully;
Hear a thousand cattle stamp,
As they rush from their night camp,
All that noise is music now to me.
5. I'm throwing off these city clothes,
Going where the gidgee grows,
Heading for a western cattle run;
Leave my sweetheart catch a train,
Heading for the saltbush plain,
Way out towards the setting sun.

The Pub Rock

Well, you've gotta have a go mate, if you can't beat 'em join 'em—

I've always reckoned *The Pub Rock* was a good song, clever lyrics and a catchy tune but I'm afraid nobody else thought so.

I wrote quite a few songs in my rock era, such as *Fair Dinkum*, *Sunny Southern Sue* and *Rockin' Polly Doodle*, (never released on the poor public). Ah well, I suppose I was never meant for the pop charts. There's a lot more satisfaction getting a dry comment and grin from a weather beaten faced ringer from "Out There".

So Rock On Baby!



THE PUB ROCK

41

Key Bb: Capo 1st Fret
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Bb (A) Rock and roll

1. I

Bb (A)

2. There's bet you heard the sto - ry of a pub with no beer,

Bb (A) Bb7 (A7)

Sad - dest sto - ry heard for man - y a year; The

Eb7 (D7)

tunes are chang - ing I've found, _____ They

Bb (A) Bb7

real - ly hep it up in that - a coun - try town. _____ Now

F7 (E7)

ev - 'ry - bod - y's start - ing to rock, _____ As they

Cm7 (Bm7) F7 (E7) Bb (A)

do The Pub with no Beer Rock, And all the stock - men are

Bb (A)

on the beam, Sold their jeeps — for new

Bb7 (A7) Eb7 (D7)

lim - ou - sines; — A - way from the day stock routes, —

Eb7 (D7) Bb (A)

— They're reel - in' and a - rock - in' in their

Bb7 (A7) F7 (E7)

high - heeled boots; You can't get them back to the stocks -

F7 (E7) Cm7 (Bm7) F7 (E7) Bb (A)

— from the craz - y Pub with no Beer Rock. 3. So

verses 1 & 2

verse 3

Rock; Roll and rock, Roll and

Repeat and fade out

rock, As they do the Pub with no Beer Rock, As they

2. There's old Billy with his blacksmith's blues,
Sick and tired of sayin' "How'd you do!"
The pub is Bill's retreat,
And each night he turns up, turned out neat,
But leaves lookin' like a rag mop
From the crazy Pub with no Beer Rock.
And there's the swaggy
In his blue suede shoes
A-reelin' and a-rockin',
Beating time to the blues.
Oh! he's rockin' with the major doh,
You aught to see those crew cats
A-reel and go,
The chandeliers are likely to drop
As they do the Pub with no Beer Rock.
3. So if you're ever travellin' around our way,
Feelin' dry and dusty from the long dry day,
Come along and take a bow
At the Pub with no Beer,
Where the beer flows now,
And when you're back in town you will stop
And do the Pub with no Beer Rock.
So gather up the swaggy
In the way we do,
Billy the blacksmith and the stockmen too,
Come along and drink with me,
Tonight we're making rock history,
And may the rhythm never stop
A-this-a-rollin' Pub with no Beer Rock.

CODA

Roll and Rock,
Roll and rock,
As they do the
Pub with no Beer Rock.

Good Old Santa Claus

No world beater, but I wrote this song when I was spending a lot of time with some very helpful relations in Sydney. So with Christmas on, and young families all 'round me, what else could I do but write, *Good Ol' Santa Claus* etc.

I had a lot of help from "The 'Lations Too".



GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

45

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

D
Pick, strum

D
VERSES

1. Sleep - y heads are tucked in bed, ——— Christ - mas morn is

A7
near, Jin - gle, jin - gle ring the sleigh bells,

A7
Clip - clop ——— the big rein - deer. **D** Then a - bove the

D7
chim - ney tops ——— **G** San - ta comes in view, With lots of toys for

D **E^o** **E7** **A7**
first time to chorus
girls and boys, Sur - pris - es old and new.

D **A7** **D** **A7**
second time CHORUS
back in San - ta land. Sleigh bells ring - ing

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in the night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee - dee,

San - ta trav - 'ling fast to - night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee -

dee. There'll be lots of prayers for ted - dy bears and

lit - tle dol - lies too, San - ta he re - mem - bers all,

1 Good old San - ta Claus! 2 *rall.* Good old San - ta Claus.

Guitar chords shown: A7, D, G, D, A7, D, D.

2. Santa visits every home
 For children far and near,
 He plans and schemes
 And learns their dreams,
 To bring them lots of cheer.
 All around the Milky Way,
 Until he's homeward bound,
 By Christmas Day
 He's far away,
 Back in Santa Land.

CHORUS

Sleigh bells ringing in the night, *etc.*

ROAD TRAINS

47

Words by
JOE DALY

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Key F: Capo 1st Fret
Capo chords in brackets

F (E) verses 1 - 6

1. The drov - ing treks are o - ver, They

F (E) Bb (A)

move in cat - tle trains, Where there's

C7 (B7) Bb (A)

red dust on the ridg - es and black soil on the

F (E)

plains. The drov - er strokes his i -

F (E) Bb (A)

— ron steed, And springs to a buck - et seat,

B \flat (A) C7 (B7)

He throws the mon - ster in - to gear, — And she

C7 (B7) F (E)

moves on rub - bered feet. 1 2. The

F (E) D7 (C#7)

CHORUS

But it's road trains

G7 (F#7) B \flat (A) C7 (B7)

roll, — Road trains —

F (E)

1st & 2nd time D.S. with repeat last time

roll. — 3. The —

2. The hobble chains and horse bells
 Hang silent on the wall,
 They've been on many stages
 Through downs and timber tall,
 Beside the saddles and the packs
 That were the drover's pride,
 Road trains roar along the track
 Where the drovers used to ride.

CHORUS

But it's road trains roll,
 Road trains roll.

3. The stock routes are deserted,
 No droving plant you see,
 The bores and tanks they watered at
 Are just a memory,
 No more you see the mob strung out
 Along the sunburnt plain,
 Where the old time drover battled on
 Through dust and drought and rain.
4. He sees again in fancy,
 Beside the campfire's glow,
 The battered old bedourie
 That once was filled with dough.
 With saddle gear and swag wrap
 Rolled out by the fireside,
 To drove again would be
 This old timer's joy and pride.

CHORUS

But it's road trains roll,
 Road trains roll.

5. Road trains roar along the track
 Where the drover used to ride,
 Churning up the bull dust
 As they roll the miles aside;
 Like a winding reptile
 With trailers wide and long,
 Over the road and range-land
 Where the drover sang his song.
6. There's Saltbush Bill and Clancy,
 Old drovers long since dead,
 Who'd marvel to see a fleet of trailers
 Load a thousand head;
 Maybe their ghosts are watching
 As progress takes its stride,
 And road trains roar along the track
 Where the drover used to ride.

CHORUS

But it's road trains roll,
 Road trains roll.

THERE'S A RAINBOW ROUND MY MEMORIES

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

E
Pick, strum

Oh there's a

E **F#7**
CHORUS

rain - bow round my mem - 'ries, Sweet

B7 **E**

mem - 'ries dear, of you, — When my dreams move on, —

E **F#7** **B7**

— Then the clouds drift a - long, — And my rain - bow

B7 **E**

fades from view. —

1. You were the
2. When that

E **F#7** **B7**
VERSES

spring - time of my heart, dear, All the sun - shine

came with you, ——— Oh, we shared such joy, ——— for a

girl and a boy, ——— As we loved ——— the

sum - mer through. ———

Oh there's a
3. When my sad

view. ———

CHORUS

Oh there's a rainbow round my memories, *etc.*

2. When that big bright moon comes sailin'
O'er the homestead on the rise,
All the songs we knew
That are sung with you
Come drifting back when the night winds sigh.
3. When my sad winter days are over
And the clover blooms again,
I'll be hoping to hear some word from you
To know you're comin' home again.

CHORUS

Oh there's a rainbow round my memories, *etc.*

WHY WORRY NOW

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

D
Pick, strum

A7
VERSES

1. I real - ly

D **A7**
don't know the cause of our part - ing, For

A7 **D**
throw - ing a - side ev - 'ry vow, That turned my

D **G** **D^o**
sun - shine, my dar - ling, to shad - ows, But it's all

D **Em** **D** **A7** **D**
o - ver, So why wor - ry now.

D **A7** **D** **D^o**
CHORUS
Oh, you left me all a - lone, You bust - ed up my

home, I've left my friends to wan-der and for-ev-er I will

roam. But it's too late to turn a-round, lit-tle

dar-ling, say "good-bye," dar-ling, why wor-ry

now. first time D.S. with repeat last time now.

2. Then you returned and we started a-new dear,
 But failure was waiting and how!
 And this old heart was broken all over,
 But I don't cry darling,
 Why worry now.

CHORUS

Oh, you left me all alone, *etc.*

3. I'm free and easy from now on, my darling,
 And life's a game of chance anyhow,
 And if you lose there's no use in complaining,
 It's all over so why worry now.
4. Maybe someday I will still find another
 For one never knows anyhow,
 I will go my way and let time plan the future,
 So it's "goodbye" darling why worry now.

CHORUS

Oh, you left me all alone, *etc.*

Sweeney

These words are by the Old Master himself — I'm sure this story comes from a true happening along the track. Lawson's words in this kind of poem seem to me "To Sing".

Some of the most pleasant and satisfying times for me have been when working on Lawson's stories. There was ever only one Henry Lawson and I'm sure he met *Sweeney*.



SWEENEY

55

Words by
HENRY LAWSON

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Key Eb: Capo 1st Fret
Capo chords in brackets

verses 1, 2 & 4

1. It was some - where in Sep - tem - ber and the sun was go - in'

down, When I came in search of cop - y to a

Dar - ling Riv - er town. "Come An' Have a Drink" we'll

call it, 'Tis a fit - ting name I think, And 'twas

rain - ing for a won - der, Up at "Come An' Have a Drink".

Un - der - neath the pub ve - ran - dah, I was

rest - ing on a bunk, When a strang - er rose be -

Ab (G) Eb (D) F7 (E7)

fore me, And he said that he was drunk.

F7 (E7) Bb7 (A7)

He a - pol - o - gised for speak - ing, there was

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)

no of - fence, he swore, But he some - how seemed to

Bb7 (A7)

fan - cy that he'd seen my face be - fore. 2. He a -

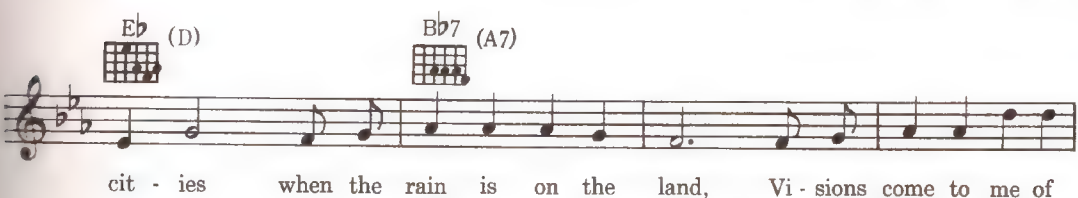
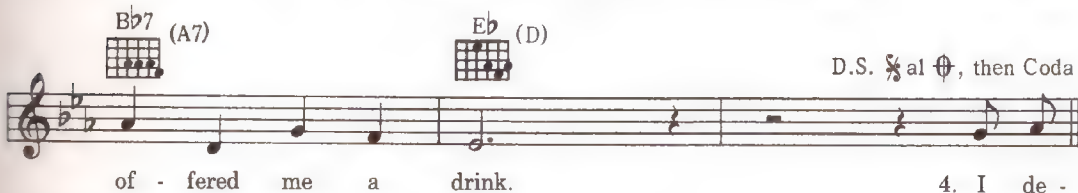
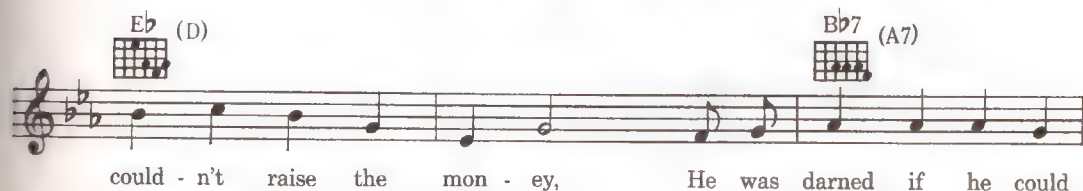
Bb7 (A7) Last time to Coda 1 Eb (D)

dirt. 3. He was born in Par - ra - mat - ta, And he

2 Eb (D) verse 3

said with hu - mour grim. That he'd like to see the

Bb7 (A7)



2. He agreed you can't remember
 All the chaps you chance to meet,
 And he said his name was Sweeney,
 People lived in Sussex Street.
 He was camping in a stable,
 But he swore that he was right,
 Only for the blanky horses
 Walking over him all night.
 He'd apparently been fighting,
 For his face was black and blue,
 And it looked as though the horses
 Had been treading on him too.
 But an honest genial twinkle
 In the eye that wasn't hurt,
 Seemed to hint of something better,
 'Spite of drink and rags and dirt.
3. He was born in Parramatta, *etc.*
4. I declined with self denial
 And I lectured him on booze,
 Using all the hackneyed arguments
 That preachers mostly use.
 Things I'd heard in temp'rance lectures,
 I was young and rather green,
 And I ended by referring
 To the man he might have been.
 But he couldn't stay to argue
 For his beer was nearly gone,
 He was glad, he said, to meet me
 And he'd see me later on.
 But he guessed he'd have to go
 And get his bottle filled again,
 And he gave a lurch and vanished
 In the darkness and the rain.

CODA

And of afternoons in cities
 When the rain is on the land,
 Visions come to me of Sweeney
 With his bottle in his hand.

IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY SPEAK

59

Words by
RIDGEWELL

Music by
W. GOODWIN

D Fiddle A7 D

D VERSES

1. He stood in a beau - ti - ful man - sion

D A7

sur - round - ed by rich - es un - told, And

A7

gazed at a beau - ti - ful pic - ture that hung in a

A7 D Bm

frame of gold; 'Twas a pic - ture

Bm G

of a la - dy, So beau - ti - ful, young and

fair, _____ To the beau - ti - ful life - like
 fea - tures _____ he mur - mured in sad de - spair:

CHORUS
 "If those lips could on - ly speak, _____ And those
 eyes could on - ly see, If those
 beau - ti - ful _____ gold - en tress - es _____ were
 there in re - al - i - ty; _____ Could I on - ly

Chord diagrams: D, E, A, E, A7, D, A7, D, A7, D.



 take your hand, As you did when you took my



 name, But it's on - ly a beau - ti - ful



 pic - ture in a beau - ti - ful gold - en



 frame." frame."

2. He sat there and gazed at the painting,
 Then slumbered forgetting all pain,
 And there in that mansion in fancy
 She stood by his side again.
 Then his lips, they softly murmured
 The name of his once sweet bride,
 With his eyes fixed on the picture
 He woke from his dream and cried.

CHORUS

"If those lips could only speak," *etc.*

WEDDING BELL BLUES

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Acoustic guitar

C (Pick, strum)

1. Oh, I've just learned a les - son that I

won't for - get, — This wed - ding knot is like a rope a -

round my neck; — I'm sor - ry that I ev - er met a

girl — un - true, — I'm walk - in' and a - talk - in' with my

wed - ding bell blues. — blues. —

verses 1 - 5 last verse

2. The fellas tried to warn me
She was dynamite,
I'm realizin' now that my mates were right;
I should have steadied up
When the lights showed red,
But like a drunken driver
I went surgin' ahead.
3. Oh, I've just learned a lesson
That I won't forget,
This wedding knot is like a rope
Around my neck;
I'm sorry that I ever met a girl untrue,
I'm walkin' and a-talkin'
With my wedding bell blues.
4. Oh, I married her on Thursday
When I had my pay,
We busted up and parted
On the very next day;
She looked at me so sweetly
From beneath her furs,
I signed away my house and my car to her.
5. But now she's far away,
I'm with the boys again,
I'm movin' round the town,
I'm wonderin' why and when;
I'm laughin' to myself
Oh, what a shock she'll get,
When she knows my house and car
Are both deep in debt.
6. Then she will learn a lesson
That she won't forget,
This wedding knot will be a rope around her neck;
And she'll be sorry
That she every met me too,
She'll be walkin' and a-talkin'
With her wedding bell blues.

ROARING WHEELS

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

verses 1 - 5

1. Wait - ing for that loud whis - tle shrill _____

_____ and the black smoke on the hill, _____

_____ When that old black train rolls a - long a -

gain, _____ Steam - ing for the great up - hill,

I've got my blan - kets rolled for the way, _____

_____ And my old gui - tar to play. 2. You bust - ed
4. So roll a -

YODEL

Oh de lay - ee dee dee dee, Oh de

lay - ee dee dee dee, Oh de lay - ee

dee dee dee dee dee, Oh de lay - ee dee dee

dee. _____

FINE

1st time
D.S. X with repeat

3. When you're
5. Through my

2nd time D.S. X without repeat al fine

2. You busted all my dreams, don't you know,
I feel that it's time to go,
'Cause there's someone new
Waiting round for you,
And I'm all alone with dreams of long ago,
But I'll be free again when I feel
The surge of the roaring wheels.

Yodel

3. When you're strollin' down Lovers' Lane
You may see this old freight train
Taking me away to a brighter day,
Where my heart can sing a lighter strain,
I'll grab my old guitar when I feel
The song of the roaring wheels.
4. So roll along timber train, roll along,
Let me thrill to your roaring song
Through the mountains grand
Where the tall timbers stand,
And the river down below is wide and long.
I'm sorry, darlin', that's all I can say,
But it's just gotta end this way.

Yodel

5. Through my window the timber goes by
And the mountain moon rides high,
Kinda makes you sad
For the things you had,
That's now left in the by and by,
I'll keep a-moving on 'til I feel
As free as the roaring wheels.

Yodel

SUN VALLEY ROSE

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

1. The peace - ful old moon way up yon - der —

— beams down on the hills that I love, — And

bids me to tell you a sto - ry — of a girl now in

heav - en a - bove. — We ram - bled through child - hood to -

geth - er, — Shared all our laugh - ter and tears, —

G7 C A7 Dm

Nev - er dream - ing that time in its pass - ing would

G7 C

bring us such heart - brok - en years. 2. My

verses 1 - 3 last verse

2. My ways to my darling grew careless,
It seems that youth will never learn,
Til one day we quarrelled and parted,
I said I would never return.
Oh, how I regret that sad parting,
Oh, just how much nobody knows,
The day I left home and wandered
Away from my Sun Valley Rose.
3. Two long weary years in the saddle,
Away from my darling and home,
Two years for memories to haunt me
Of the happiness we might have known.
Then one night as I lay a-dreaming
A vision of home I did see,
My darling was true and still waiting
With a heart full of welcome for me.
4. The plans that I made were many,
Next day on the long homeward ride,
Such sadness was waiting to greet me,
They told me my darling had died.
I stand with head bowed in silence
In the valley where sweet flowers grow,
By the side of my heart-broken darling,
By the grave of my Sun Valley Rose.

The Rain Still Tumbles Down

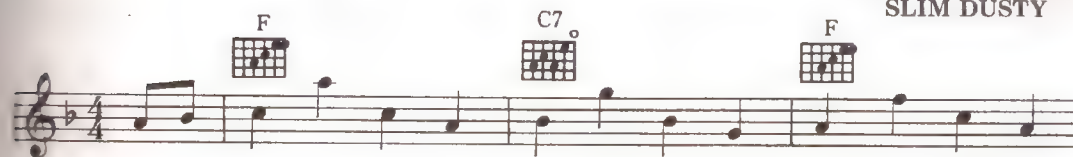
I still say my favorite song, (one that I've written anyway) is *When The Rain Tumbles Down In July* recorded 1946. Many years later I wrote this sort of follow-on song. It seemed a good idea at the time, but I'm not so sure now. I've written better.



THE RAIN STILL TUMBLES DOWN

69

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY



1. It was back in for - ty - sev - en, Oh, —



how the time does fly, When I sang that song a -



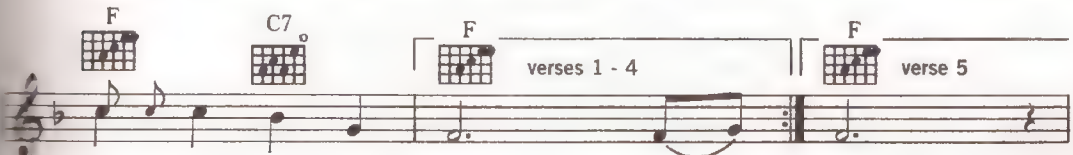
bout the rain that tum - bles down in Ju - ly; Ev - er



since I made that re - cord, And it start - ed spin - ning



round, There's been noth - ing else but rag - ing floods, As the



rain keeps tum - bling down. 2. There's — get.

CODA

Now to - day I gets a let - ter, And the

lines were wrote in red, It was from old Farm - er

Wil - son, — But I can't say what he said.

2. There's poor old farmer Wilson,
With hair all silver grey,
He cursed that song as he rode along,
The damage to survey.
But the sun came out in August,
And the grass again did grow,
And for a while he wore a smile
As the westerly winds did blow.
3. When June came round next winter
He looked up at the sky,
And the air went blue as there came in view
Dark clouds in the sky.
And the rain, it started falling,
And the rivers rising high,
And the cattle dogs crawl in the barn
Til the ending of July.
4. Then poor old farmer Wilson
Goes mad a-tearing round,
He sold his station for a song
And then moved into town.
He buys a little cottage
With gardens all around,
And for a while he wore a smile
Until July came around.
5. Then the rain, it started falling
And the winter skies were grey,
And they had to move again, you see,
For the town got washed away.
So they're heading back for the mountains
That rise in the great nor'west,
In those far off distant ranges,
As high as he can get.

CODA

Now today I gets a letter,
And the lines were wrote in red,
It was from Farmer Wilson,
But I can't say what he said.

When The Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear

There's not a lot to say about this old time love song from overseas. But as I mentioned in my book, *Walk A Country Mile*, Dad seemed in a great hurry in later years for me to learn as many of his songs as possible. I know why now, we lost him suddenly in 1945. I only wish we could have had tape recorders then. Anyway I have one in my memory... I can still hear him, with one hand cupped over his left ear, singing, *When The Harvest Days Are Over*.

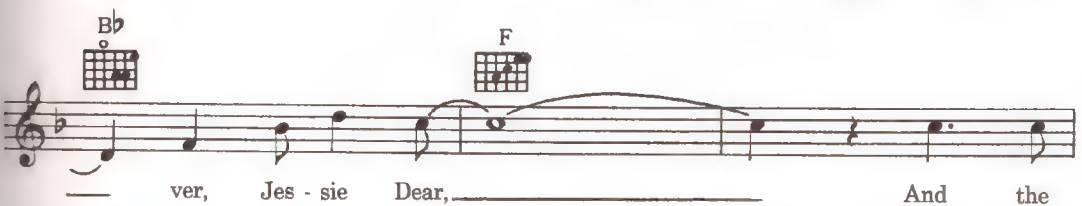
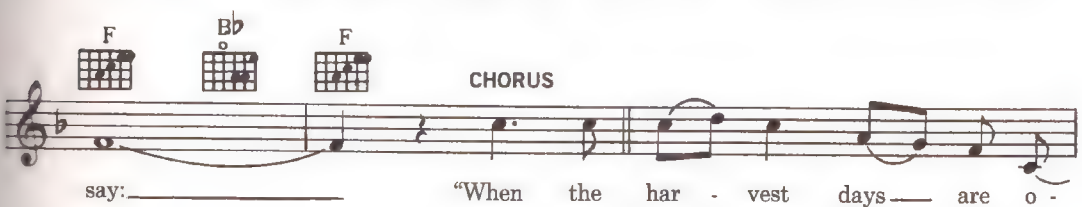
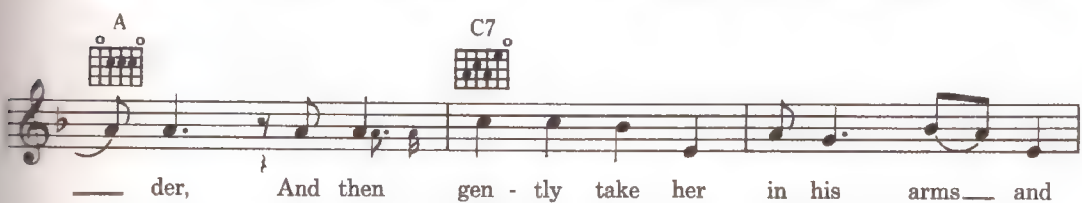
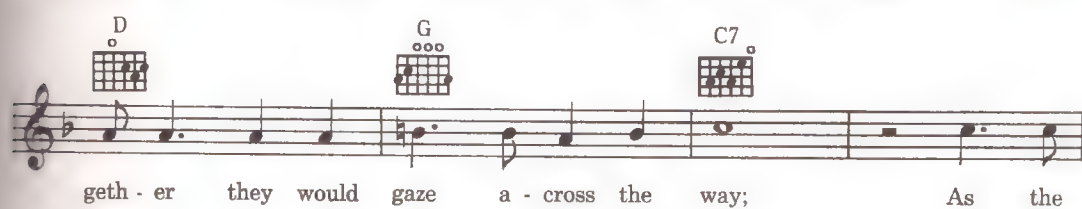


WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER, JESSIE DEAR

Words and Music by
HARRY GRAHAM &
HARRY von TILZER

VERSE

1. By a fire - side bright and cheer - ful sits an
old man sad and tear - ful, think - ing of the
days of long a - go, And in fan -
cy he is roam - ing with his sweet - heart in the gloam -
ing, When he spoke those words that set her cheeks - a - glow.
By the brook down in the



sun - kissed flow - ers bloom so bright and clear, —

— I will keep those words — you said, That's the time —

— when we should wed, When the har - vest days are o -

— ver, Jes - sie — Dear." —

2. Now the fire once bright is dying,
 And the old man sits there sighing,
 In fancy he goes down a country lane,
 By the old school house he's strolling,
 And he hears the church bells tolling,
 As he kneels beside his darling's grave again.
 All in black he's sadly weeping,
 All in white she's soundly sleeping,
 The one who was to be his bride some day;
 But death took him there to greet her,
 And in heaven he shall meet her,
 Like the fire in the grate
 He passed away.

CHORUS

"When the harvest days are over, Jessie Dear," etc.

WILD RUGGED LAND THAT I LOVE

75

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

A Intro: Bush ballad guitar
Pick, strum

A

1. Each

A VERSES

morn - ing I'm wak - in' just as the dawn's — break - in', Pre -

A **E**

pared for a new day of toil; While

A **D** **B7**

horse bells are tin - gling and hob - ble chains jin - gling, I

E **A**

sing while the old — bil - ly — boils.

CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, My whip and my dogs, And I

camp 'neath the stars — a - bove; 'Tis a

life I was born to and here I be - long, — In a

wild rug - ged land that I — love.

YODEL

Hi la ee oh la ee, — Oh

la ee — dee ee de dee, —

Last time to Coda A *3rd time D.S. al Coda* E

77

Hi lee ee oh la ee ___ dee, Oh

la ee ___ dee oh la ee. ___

CODA In a wild rug - ged ___ land that I ___ love. ___

2. With nature around me
I check on the boundary
Or muster the strays from the range;
I've never repented,
But I'm free and contented,
From this life I never would change.

CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*

Yodel

3. I've listened to fellers,
Some great story tellers,
From cities and towns by the sea;
Where bright lights are gleamin',
But I can't help dreamin'
Of my camp 'neath the coolibah trees.

CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*

4. Some evenings while gazin'
At the campfire blazin'
My mind goes back through the years,
To a man and his young bride,
A prayer by her graveside,
And a headstone all stained with his tears.

CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*

THE BUSHMAN'S SONG

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro:
Electric guitar

VERSES

1. The wise old moon is
 beam - ing on the cat - tle camp to - night, A
 lone cur - lew is screech - ing up - on its lone - some flight. —
 A - gainst the skies so state - ly the Car -
 nar - von Rang - es loom, A gen - tle breeze is
 drift - ing with the scent of gid - gee bloom. —

CHORUS

How I love my free - dom, All the world is mine, —

Dear old Moth - er Na - ture is a - round me all the time. —

Let me keep my free - dom, That is my on - ly

plea, The bush - land with its se - crets is next - of - kin to

me. —

me. —

last time

me. —

D.S. $\text{al} \text{ } \text{f} - \text{f}$

2. While I'm taking nightwatch
 I sing to the camping herd,
 Saddle leathers creaking
 In rhythm to each word.
 The old night horse is restless,
 How he loves a wild stampede,
 Racing through the mulga
 To turn the reckless lead.

CHORUS (twice)

How I love my freedom, etc.

MY OLD AUSSIE HOMESTEAD

Words and Music by
SHORTY RANGER



1. You've all _____ heard a - bout _____ sun - ny _____ Queens - land,



A won - der - ful place I am sure, Where the



cane - fields, the moun - tains, the riv - ers, _____ And the



is - lands just out from the shore. _____ They



tell of Tas - ma - ni - a's beau - ty And Vic -

to - ri - a's sights nev - er fail, But

my song is set in the moun - tains of North - ern

verses 1 - 3 last verse

New South Wales. long.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score on three staves. The first staff has a C major chord and the lyrics 'to - ri - a's sights nev - er fail, But'. The second staff has an F major chord, a C major chord, and a G7 chord, with lyrics 'my song is set in the moun - tains of North - ern'. The third staff has a G7 chord, a C major chord, and another C major chord, with lyrics 'New South Wales. long.' and a double bar line. Above the third staff, there are two boxes labeled 'verses 1 - 3' and 'last verse' with C major chords above them.

2. I'm far from the cry of the city,
Far from the mad traffic roar,
Where the scent of the bush all around me
Is a-coming right in my front door.
There's a rainbow on Sugarloaf Mountain
After the showers are gone,
Here at my old Aussie homestead
It's here, boy, I say I belong.
3. The wild pigeon flies to the cedar
And the Bowerbirds makin' their way,
The laugh of the old kookaburra
Is a greeting in the new day.
The sun rises over the mountain
Out where the wallaby bounds,
Here at my old Aussie homestead,
Just miles and miles from town.
4. I'm far from the cry of the city,
Far from the mad traffic roar,
Where the scent of the bush is all around me,
Is a-coming right in my front door.
There's a rainbow on Sugarloaf Mountain
After the showers are gone,
Here at my old Aussie homestead
It's here, boy, I say I belong.

WHERE THE GOLDEN SLIPRAILS ARE DOWN

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

1. Let's

walk down that long road to - geth - er, _____ The

road that we know as life's span, _____ If

you'll be my wife 'til the end of my life,

I'll be your true lov - in' man. _____ We'll

take each steep grade to - geth - er, _____ Let

show - ers of strife tum - ble down, We'll

share ev - 'ry bend 'til we find in the end where the

Gold - en Slip - rails are down. 2. Let's

last verse

verses 1 & 2

Guitar chords: G, G7, C, C, Cm, G, A7, D7, G, C, G, D7, G.

2. Let's walk down that long road together,
 'Til life's long journey is done,
 Our thoughts straight ahead
 Like the great Saviour said,
 We'll find his home one by one.
 In the glory of his tender blessing,
 Eternal love will abound,
 No gates will be closed
 In that heavenly abode
 Where the Golden Sliprails are down.
3. Let's walk down that long road together,
 The light from our love
 Will show the way,
 Your sweet tender smile
 Will lighten each mile,
 And roll the dark clouds away.
 So come let us walk to the altar,
 Our lives forever be bound,
 Then we'll go as one
 Toward the setting sun
 Where the Golden Sliprails are down.

The Isa Rodeo

We have had a lot of good times at the Isa.

When our show used to do the round Australia tours, places like Darwin, The Alice and Mt Isa were real oasis in the desert.

Showing for a week or two in the one place was a real treat, giving us time to clean up and repair the gear.

I hope we can return many times in the future years, to the old "Mt Isa Rodeo".



THE ISA RODEO

85

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Electric guitar



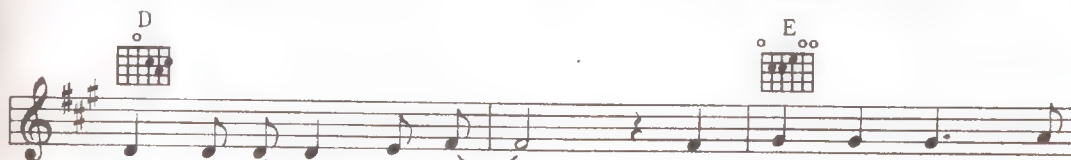
1. Roll up you Aus - sie horse - men, A chal - lenge has been



thrown, Don't let it go un - no - ticed, Rough rid - ing's in your



bones. So pass a - long the grape - vine, Let



ev - 'ry - bod - y know, — You've still got time to



en - ter in — Mount I - sa's ro - de - o.

2. They've

2nd & 4th time

CHORUS

So roll up you Aus - sie horse - men, Let

ev - 'ry - bod - y know, You've still got time to

en - ter in — Mount I - sa's ro - de - o. 1st time D.S. $\frac{3}{4}$ with repeat

Last time D.S. $\frac{3}{4}$ al $\phi - \phi$

To the I - sa ro - de - o.

2. They've combed the North West stations
And brought the outlaws in,
They're lively and they'll make you earn
The prizes that you win.
The brumbies from the North lands
Are yarded up to go,
And throw an open challenge
At the Isa Rodeo.

CHORUS

So roll up you Aussie horsemen, *etc.*

3. The feature horse is Spinifex,
You've heard of him, I s'ppose,
His reputation's deadly
As everybody knows.
So come on you bow-legged stockmen,
This challenge has to go,
To anyone from anywhere
At the Isa Rodeo.

4. The town is decked out gayly
And flags are flying high,
There's country music playing
Beneath that friendly sky.
Rough riders roll in daily
And set the town a-glow,
And the big parade's all ready
For the Isa Rodeo.

CHORUS

So roll up you Aussie horsemen, *etc.*

5. Now when the dust has settled
And the crowds have all gone home,
It's kind of sad to wander through
The rodeo grounds alone.
But we will all remember
This year was a mighty show,
And the folks are coming back again
To the Isa Rodeo,
To the Isa Rodeo.

A CERTAIN KIND OF GOLD

87

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY & JOY McKEAN

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of E major (indicated by four sharps: F#, C#, G#, D#), and 4/4 time. The score includes guitar chords indicated by letter names (E, B7, A) and chord diagrams. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score is divided into sections by a double bar line. The first section is an instrumental introduction. The second section is labeled 'VERSES' and contains the main body of the song. The chords are: E (first line), B7 (second line), E (third line), A (fourth line), B7 (fifth line), E (sixth line), A (seventh line), and B7 (eighth line).

E B7

3 3

E B7

VERSES

1. You can go a - way and leave -

E A

me, I don't want your type a - round, — You

B7 A

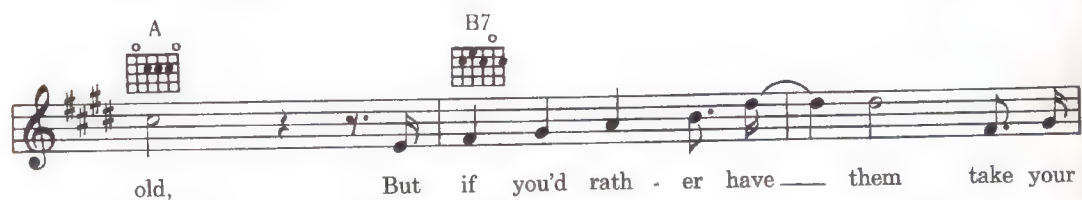
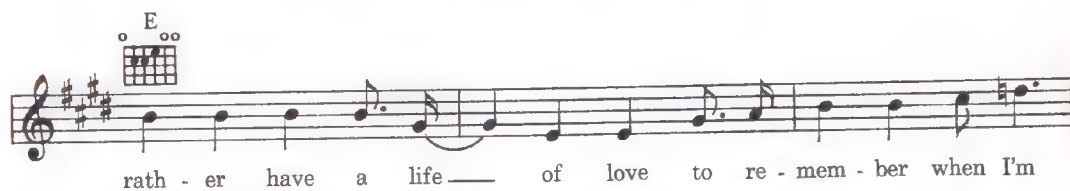
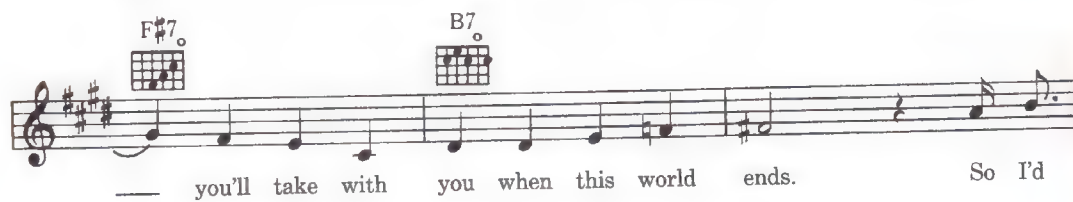
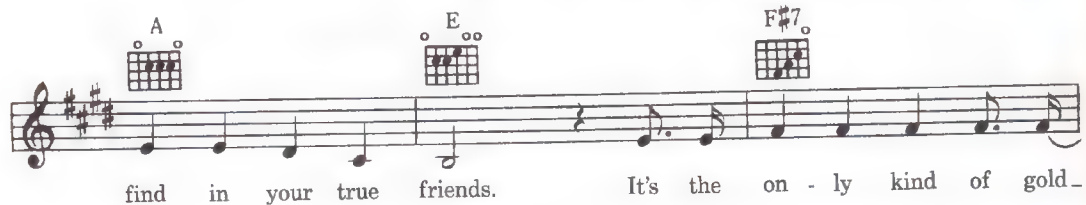
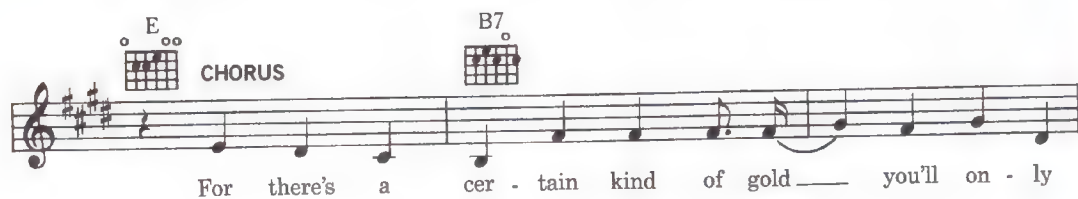
scheme al - ways for mon - ey and you twist my friends a - round.

E

I loved you but that's o - ver, It can

E A B7

nev - er be re - told, Go and seek your gild - ed



rich - es and your gold. 1. I don't

But if you'd rath - er have — them take your

rich - es and your gold.

2. I don't want your kind of living
 That you're living everyday,
 I don't want a heartless mansion
 When our hair is turning grey.
 I'll keep true friends around me
 And be part of that fold,
 And I'll have my kind of mansion
 And a certain kind of gold.

CHORUS

For there's a certain kind of gold, *etc.*

FAIR ENOUGH

Words by
JOE DALY

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Guitar

B7

E

B7

1. Give me the good old ring - ers meal of

E

B7

damp - er, beef and spuds, And let me sleep on the

B7

E

gid - gee stones in my sad - dle worn mole - skin duds.

E

Give me a quart of strong black tea and a wedge of sod - dy

A

B7

A7

B7

duck, A pound of weed and a sco - bie whip, And I'll

B7

E

verses 1 - 5

E

last verse

think that's fair e - nough. 2. Oh nough.

2. Oh let me take a turn once more
In the stockyard with a colt,
Or twist a greenheart bronco rope,
And you will find I'm worth my salt.
Call me for the midnight watch
On a horse that knows his stuff,
And if they jump I'll feel at home,
And I'll think that's fair enough.
3. Let me see the dust clouds fly
Before the storm erupts,
And see those rolling sandhills rise
Where the dingo hides her pups.
The land where pelican gorges fish
And scrub bull calls your bluff,
And the battle of rival brumby bucks
Is a sight that's fair enough.
4. Give me the reins of a four-in-hand
To replace the wrench and spanner,
And let those horses make the pace
In the land of the sand goanna.
Or take me back to an open camp
Where the mickies play up rough,
And I'll sing at night in the fire light,
And to me that's fair enough.
5. Oh, let me drink from a water hole,
No reflections here on Crumbie,
And listen to the curlews call
The dingo and the brumby.
And when my time is drawing near
And I feel I've had enough,
Oh, I'll die with memories of the bush,
And to me that's fair enough.
6. Give me the good old ringer's meal
Of damper beef and spuds,
And let me sleep on the gidgee stones
In my saddle worn moleskin duds.
Give me a quart of strong black tea
And a wedge of soddy duck,
A pound of wheat and a scobie whip,
And I think that's fair enough.

Answer To The Silvery Moonlight Trail

Wilf Carter, the great Canadian singer of the early days, was always a great favorite of mine. I like his story-like songs about cowboy life on the prairie, and his approach to life in general. *The Silvery Moonlight Trail* was a typical cowboy love song of this era, so here is a young Australian singer's answer . . .

I must have been so full of dreams in those days.



ANSWER TO THE SILVERY MOONLIGHT TRAIL

93

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

1. I'm sure you all re - mem - ber _____

a song of yes - ter - day, _____ T'was

wide - ly known through - out each _____ home on man - y _____ an

out - back way; _____ T'was sung by one whose

name and fame for years yet shall pre - vail, _____

And now here is my an - swer _____ to the

Sil - vry Moon - light Trail. _____

2. Our _____ The

verses 1 - 4 verse 5

C CODA

old moon smiles up yon - der, ——— He al - so knows the

G7

tale, ——— And so we steal in si - lence ———

C G7 C

from the Sil - v'ry Moon - light Trail. ———

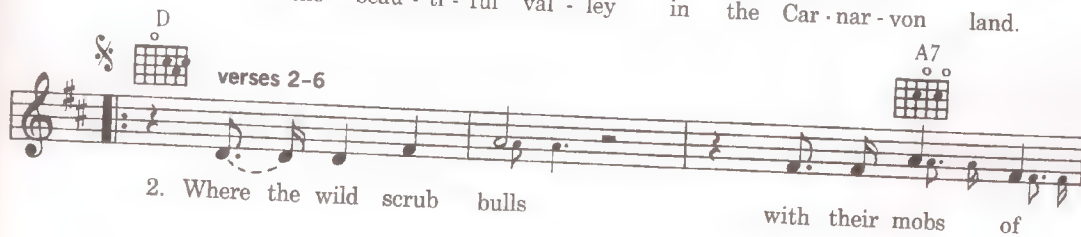
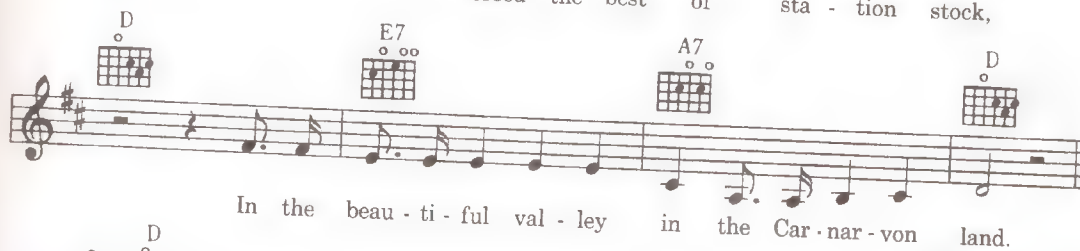
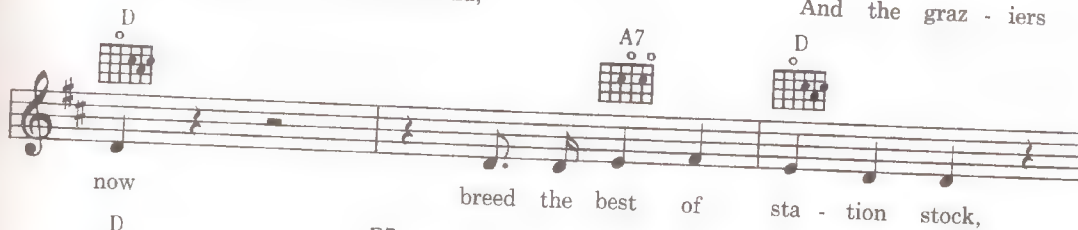
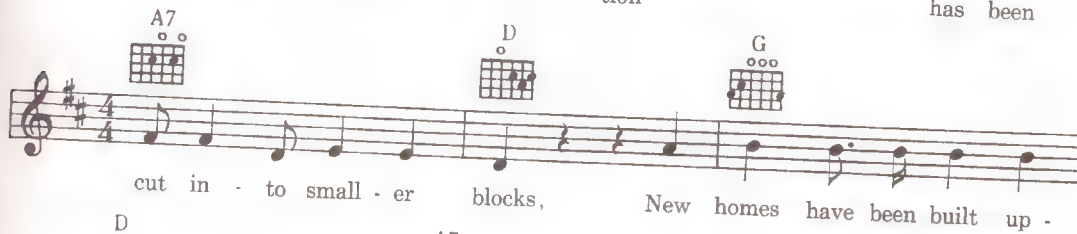
2. Our thoughts fly out o'er the ocean
To Canada far away,
We gaze upon a ranch house
Where the range-land cattle stray;
We see a fair young woman,
A baby on her knee,
The cowboy that she honours
Stands guard across the sea.
3. That day there came a letter
From the cowboy o'er the foam,
He'd soon come home to see them,
And never more would he roam.
A smile caressed her dear face,
A teardrop blurred each line,
As finally at the bottom
These words she did find:
4. How is my little darlin',
My bonny baby boy,
Although I've never seen you
You fill your dad's heart with joy.
Take care of darling mother,
And wait just for the time
When we'll have fun together
On the range at round-up time.
5. The teardrops came unbidden
Into her loving eyes,
The moon rose in his splendour
Into the great Prairie skies.
She gazed upon her baby
Asleep now in her arms,
And thanked God for his mercy
And for that bundle of charms.

CODA

The old moon smiles up yonder,
He also knows the tale,
And so we steal in silence
From the Silvery Moonlight Trail.

ARCADIA VALLEY

Words and Music by
WAVE JACKSON



clean - skins would march in - to wa - ter

just on sun - down, Then they ate the grass

a - long the o - pen val - ley, But at the

crack of dawn they were back in their hid - ing ground.

CHORUS
after verses 2, 4 & 6

A - way out there, Where the wild Car -

nar - von rang - es rise, Where the

scrub - bers used to roam, And the brig - a - low

After 3rd & 5th verse D.S.

Guitar chords: D, G, D, A7, D, E7, A7, D, G, D, A, D.

A Last time to Coda D

was their home.

CODA D D A7 D Repeat and fade out

home. And the brig - a - low was their home.

3. The scrubber runners
 With their terriers and tyin' straps,
 They could ride through the brigalow
 And never make a sound;
 But when the wallabies rushed
 And the timber's falling down,
 Then the riders knew that the wild ones
 Had been found.

4. They'd follow their tails
 'Til they came to an open spot,
 Then they'd call on their spurs
 And shoulder the best ones round;
 Then they'd throw 'em by the tail,
 Cut their horns and tie their legs,
 While the mob fanned out
 And made for safer ground.

CHORUS

Away out there, *etc.*

5. The scrubber runner
 Is a-wild and wiry,
 His life depends on his judgement
 Of man and beast;
 And the riding's wild,
 And there's danger in the air,
 When the all fours of a scrub bull
 Are released.

6. Oh, but the scrubbers are gone.
 From Arcadia valley,
 And every cattle pad
 The scrubber runner knows,
 And the brigalow scrub
 Has been pulled and burned up,
 Cultivation now
 Where the old brown river flows.

CHORUS

Away out there, *etc.*

SONG OF GRANNY

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY



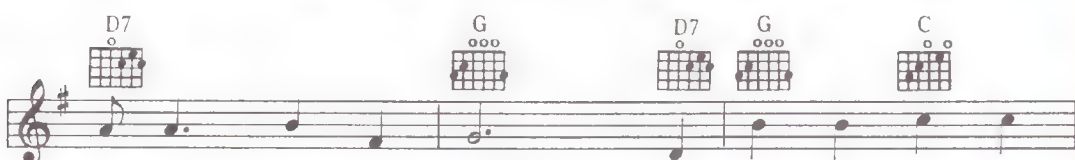
1. The



sun is shin - ing bright and fair, A glo - rious sum - mer's



day, As quiet - ly in her old arm - chair a



gran - ny dreams a - way. She wan - ders back in -



to the past, A - cross times mist - y haze, When she was ten - der



sweet six - teen in those pi - o - neer - ing days.



Gen - tly rock - ing to and fro, Her days are free from care,

C G A7 D7

Dream - ing of the long a - go when she was young and fair. Al -

G C G

though her road of life's been rough, She'd live it o'er a -

D7 G C G

gain, Those tired old hands so fee - ble now have

D7 G

done the work of men. 1. Her

2. Her home a tumbled down old shack
 Where lonely gumtrees grew,
 She faced the dangers way out back
 And won the hardships too.
 Her just reward has yet to come
 For her unceasing toil,
 When treasures of that promised land
 Unfold to each and all.

CHORUS

Gently rocking to and fro
 Her days are free from care,
 Dreaming of the long ago
 When she was young and fair.
 The sun is setting in the West
 To close another day,
 As quietly in her old arm chair
 A Granny dreams away.

BY A FIRE OF GIDGEE COAL

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Key B♭: Capo 1st Fret
Capo chords in brackets

Eb (D) B♭ (A) F7 (E7)

B♭ (A) A (A♭) B♭ (A) B♭ (A)
 Pick, strum

1. By a warm e - lec - tric

B♭ (A) B♭7 (A7) Eb (D)
 heat - er, In a soft - ly pad - ded chair, In a

Eb (D) B♭ (A) F7 (E7) B♭ (A)
 lounge room bright - ly light - ed by a glow - ing chan - de - lier;

B♭ (A) B♭7 (A7) Eb (D)
 Since my ear - ly days of drov - ing, The years have tak - en

Eb (D) B♭ (A)
 toll, But I some - how miss my swag - wrap by a

F7 (E7) Bb (A) A (Ab) Bb (A) verses 1 - 3
 fire of Gid - gee coal. 2. When I
 Bb (A) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)
 coal. In a pair of dust - y
 Bb (A) F7 (E7) Bb (A) A (Ab) Bb (A)
 mole - skins, By a fire of Gid - gee coal.

2. When I wake from sleep each morning
 And I ring the bedside bell,
 The maid brings in my breakfast,
 And she fills my pipe as well;
 There are cakes and sweetened coffee
 On a tray of sparkling gold,
 But I miss black tea and damper
 By a fire of Gidgee coal.
3. I am driven out each evening
 By a chauffeur spruce and neat,
 Through the flowered parks and gardens
 And the crowded city streets;
 But I drift back through the ages,
 While the big car softly rolls,
 To a stock route and a waggonette
 And a fire of Gidgee coal.
4. I attend all social parties
 In the rich parts of the town,
 Drink wine from fancy glasses,
 As the waiters go their rounds;
 But I'd rather share a bottle
 With those drovin' mates of old,
 In a pair of dusty moleskins,
 By a fire of Gidgee coal;
 In a pair of dusty moleskins,
 By a fire of Gidgee coal.

Down At Charlie Gray's

Here's a song based on younger days ridin' up and down old Nulla Creek. We'd ride ten miles into Bellbrook, have a good time on wild jokes and warm flat beer and then head off home somewhere in the early hours with our wine and rum. So a few funny things went on with me and Shorty, Ron, Jim, The Smith Boys and many others.

The only people we did any harm to was ourselves.

Oh for those young bush ridin' days, *Down At Charlie Gray's!*



DOWN AT CHARLEY GRAY'S

103

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

VERSES

1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's mov - in' in from
miles a - way, — There's gon - na be a shin - dig down at Char - ley
Gray's; — Sad - dle up your po - ny, No - one feel - in'
lone - ly, Ev - 'ry - bod - y's sing - ing, feel - ing gay, hey, hey, So —
light up our hearts up - on the way, We're go - ing to a
shin - dig down at Char - ley Gray's. —

YODEL

Ah dee oh la - ee dee dee dee. dee dee

2. Been

verses 1 & 3

verses 2 & 4

FINE

dee, _____ Oh de la - ee - ee oh _____ de lee dle la - ee - ee, Oh _____

_____ de lee ole la - ee _____ dee dee dee. _____

1st time D.S. with repeat
2nd time D.S. al fine

5. We

2. Been movement at the station
For a week or more,
We scrubbed and polished up
His barn dance floor,
The old guitar and accordion
Tuned up for the final fling,
Ready for the dancers,
When we'll yell for more,
And swing those pretty girls around the way,
We're ready for the shindig
Down at Charley Gray's.

Yodel

3. Charley's farm is like a parking place in town,
With everyone arriving in about sundown,
Young folk come to dance all night,
Bushmen come to booze and fight,
Everyone was there to really go to town.
And we all jumped up
As the music swung away,
And gave a cheer for good old
Dear old Charley Gray.

4. A bunch of fellers sneaked off
To his melon bed,
Charley heard a whisper
And he lost his head,
Grabbed his shotgun from the rack,
Raced down for the melon patch,
Really made 'em jump
As he went sprayin' lead,
And the boys sang out from the hills
When far away,
We've never had a better night at Charley Gray's.

Yodel

5. We danced all night
Until the sun began to rise,
Then brushed the sleep and sawdust
From our weary eyes,
And I want you all to know
As we saddled up to go,
Charley Gray was standing there
Upon the rise,
He said: "Come back again another day,"
And so we gave another cheer
For Charley Gray.

KEEP THE LOVELIGHT SHINING

105

Sung by Slim and Joy

Words and Music by
JOY McKEAN

G  Pick, strum D  A7 

D  A  Chorus: Slim & Joy

Keep the love - light shin - ing though your

A  E7 

heart may break in two, Don't let bit - ter -

E7  A 

ness creep in and get a hold on you.

A 

Don't just throw a - way a life of love and ten - der -

D  A 

ness, But keep the love - light shin - ing for the

E A FINE

one you love the best.

1st time to verse 1

2nd time to verse 2

D Verse 1: Slim A7

1. How can I tell you? What can I say? To

A D

com - fort you and help you in your trou - ble to - day.

G

Ev - en though she's left — you, Left you all a -

D A7

lone, Just keep your love - light shin - ing 'til the

A7 D

day — she comes home. Keep the

D.S. ♯

Verse 2: Joy

2. She won't be the first one that's wan - dered a -

way, And — she won't be the last one to come back some -

day. If you real - ly love — her, Want her for your

own, Just keep your love a - shin - ing for the

day she comes home. Keep the

D.S.  al fine



NO GOOD BABY

Words and Music by
GORDON PARSONS

VERSES

1. I'm writ - ing you this let - ter, Each
word goes down — with care, I think it's time we
called a halt, — Your game stops run - ning there. For you're
no good — ba - by, no — good ba - by,
You've had all the sun - shine, I've copped all the rain. —

CHORUS

—

verses 1 - 3 last time

2. Oh, you For you're no good —

ba - by, no good ba - by, Gon - na
get my - self some sun - shine, You can cop some rain.

2. Oh, you had that ace card
Up your sleeve,
You cheated and you lost,
For playing smart
I've trumped your heart,
And now you'll pay the cost.

CHORUS

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

3. Oh, you told me
That you loved me,
And you rolled those big blue eyes,
But you was only a-foolin'
And a-tellin' no-good lies.

CHORUS

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

4. Oh, you took me,
Rolled my money,
And you threw it round the town,
But now the show is over
And the curtains' coming down.

CHORUS

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

LAST CHORUS

For you're no good, baby,
No good, baby,
Gonna get myself some sunshine,
You can cop some rain.

CLAYPAN BOOGIE

Words by
STAN COSTER

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Boogie feel  VERSES 

1. Well I was dro - ving cat - tle on the plains way out, —

Spoken: Right in the mid - dle of a blaz - ing drought, Sung: I



camped one night 'neath the moon and stars, — When I a -



woke to the rhy - thm of a beat gui - tar. — 'Twas the

 CHORUS

Clay - pan Boo - gie, — I could - n't — be - lieve my

eyes, The Clay - pan Boo - gie, —

Un - der the de - sert skies. 2. Well in the

skies, Let's go!

Repeat and fade out

2. Well in the big claypan 'neath the light of the stars
 Stood a Wallaroo, shaking with a big guitar
 And rocking in the circle with a little blue doe
 Was a red buck roo shouting: go man go.

CHORUS

'Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

3. Well I rubbed my eyes and I looked again,
 Just to make sure that I was seeing plain,
 There was no mistake about the geetar man,
 Why he was picking out a rhythm on the big claypan.

CHORUS

'Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

4. Well the other drovers climbed out of their swags,
 All started rocking, including their nags,
 I heard a low beat from the cattle camp,
 Why the whole mob of cattle were beginning to stamp.

CHORUS

'Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

5. Well I'm an old cattle drover and a desert lair,
 But I dig hot rhythm and I ain't no square,
 Rhythm is the word you don't understand
 Until you've heard it coming from the big claypan.

CHORUS

'Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

The Nature Of Man

My first recorded monologue I think. Years ago, I was broken down with axle trouble in Dubbo, N.S.W. To fill in the day, Joy and I did a lot of window shopping (Joy mostly), then we ended up outside the city's swimming pool. Young people were horseplaying and doing all the usual things. One young girl was in a mob, and she did her best to keep up with them. She had no use of her legs, so she rolled and crawled about but she was accepted by the gang and doing her bit. I'd say she was about 15 years old. She inspired me to write *Nature Of Man*.



THE NATURE OF MAN

113

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Pick, strum  All lyrics are spoken



1. This world could be filled with success for us all as the





wonders of science expand, But in -





stead there is greed and destruction today, And the



cause is the Nature of Man, This





old mother earth supplies so many needs as the





great human family expands, Then why

should God's children be troubled with fear? A -

gain it's the Nature of Man.

last verse

2. Now the men.

2. Now the small businessman is friendlier by far
 Than the big boss with mansions so grand,
 More friendship you'll meet
 From the man in the street,
 It's the sad mixed up Nature of man.
 This world could still be a far better place,
 And the years could go peacefully by,
 If we all tried to live by that great golden rule,
 Do unto others as you'd be done by.
3. Now the moon and the sun and the seasons that run,
 And the rainfall that quenches the land,
 Are watched we are told by a heavenly soul
 With powers we can't understand.
 And they teach us to pray till that great judgement day
 When our troubles on earth are no more,
 When the rich in their power shall fall from their tower
 And be stood by the side of the poor.
4. On that great Judgement Day when we're called all the way
 And the word of our Saviour prevails,
 And when we are asked to tell of our past
 That's when so many stories will fail.
 For we all must account for our deeds on this earth,
 God knows every time we've sinned,
 It will be the last trial and a great golden mile
 For all faithful and God loving men.

PADDY GRAMP

115

Words by
JOE DALY

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

1. Oh, oh, I come from plur - ry Queens - land and my
name is Pad - dy Gramp, — Work out on cat - tle
sta - tion, Long - a white — man must - t'rin' camp,
I chase and throw the scrub - ber bull, Ride
buck jump horse for sport, — This ring - er job I
learn - in' well when knee - high to a quart.

Last time to Coda

2. Ten day a - long - a week I work and

some - time long - er still, Boss say I catch - em

o - ver - time — when gov' - ment pass the bill.

There's sand mixed long - a flour, — And - a

meat left long - a bone, — When damp - er cook to

me he taste all same a - long — grind - stone.

rit. Last time D.S. \times
al \oplus , then Coda

CODA
Guitar tacet 3 bars **Sung:**

Spoken: And then I knocks the slab right out o' the old Kentucky home, y' know, I say to him: "It

looks al - right to me boss," I call back through the door,

— "I been sell - ing clean skin mick - ies for the

last twelve months or more."

3. Oh, oh, in wintertime one blanket job,
 All night along-a freeze up,
 Maybe bullock jump the rush
 And Paddy get the breeze up,
 Ol' pack horse cook
 He all time growl,
 But me still none the wiser,
 Policeman catch 'im plurry quick
 Along-a breath-a-lizer.
4. Head stockman boss I tell 'im quick
 I pull out long-a station,
 Go walk-about along a creek
 Once more with all elation.
 Boss take me to his office then,
 And this is what he say:
 "Oh, I'll read your statement Paddy,
 Before you get your pay."
5. "Oh, oh, there's a pound o' black tobaccer
 And a shirt and trouser set,
 A pair of boots you never got,
 And a hat you didn't get.
 There's a stockwhip and a quart pot,
 What you didn't get you spent,
 And of course there's our commission,
 Roughly twenty-five percent."

6. "There's a dozen stubby bottles,
 Let me see, that's twenty four,
 And the refund on the empties
 Means you're down a few cents more.
 There's sales tax plus duty,
 And the freight we multiply,
 There's your cheque, a dollar fifty,
 Cost of living getting high.
7. "Oh, oh, so there you have it, Paddy,
 Wrote down in black and white,
 But I'd like you just to check it
 And convince yourself it's right."

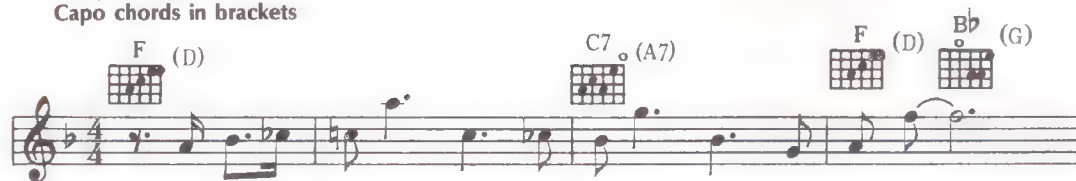
Spoken: And then I knocks the slab
 Right out o' the old Kentucky home,
 Y' know,
 I say to him:

SUNG: "It looks alright to me, boss,"
 I call back through the door,
 "I been selling clean skin mickies
 For the last twelve months or more."

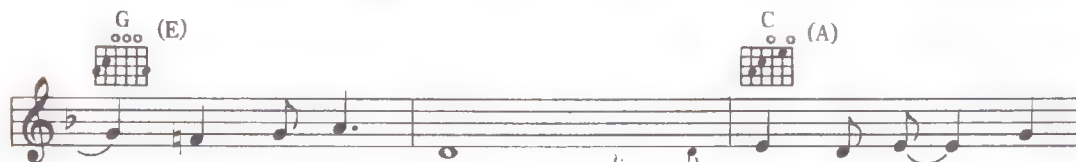
DREAMIN' ON THE SLIPRAIL

Words and Music by
JOHN ASHE

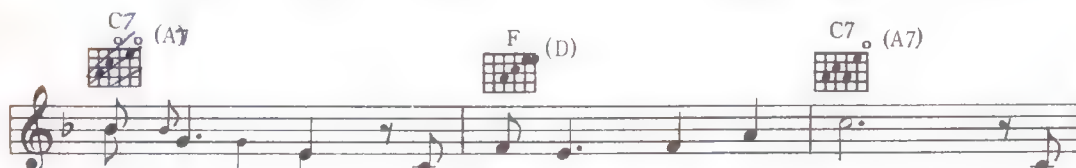
Key F: Capo 3rd Fret
Capo chords in brackets



1. Just dream - in' on — the slip - rail as the sun —



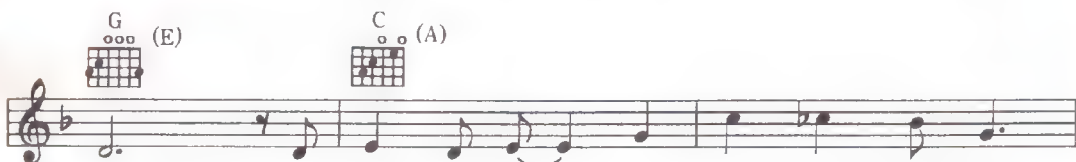
— sinks on the hill, Think - in' of — the



fool I was and what I might be still; For



drink was my — com - pan - ion and all work a drudg - er -



y, I had no time — for God and thought God

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The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a C (A) guitar chord and the lyrics "had no time for me." followed by a yodel section labeled "YODEL" with the lyrics "Oh de". The second staff starts with an F (D) chord, followed by a Bb (G) chord, and then an F (D) chord. The lyrics are "lay - ee oh de lay - ee, Oh de la - ee oh de". The third staff starts with a C (A) chord and an F (D) chord. The lyrics are "lay - ee oh lay - ee." followed by a section labeled "verses 1 & 2" and then "last verse". The lyrics "2. And" are written below the staff.

C (A) F (D) YODEL
had no time for me. Oh de

F (D) Bb (G) F (D)
lay - ee oh de lay - ee, Oh de la - ee oh de

C (A) F (D) verses 1 & 2 last verse
lay - ee oh lay - ee. 2. And

2. And then I met my darlin' girl,
So kind and sweet was she,
An angel sent from heaven above
Awoke the man in me;
And now no axe nor plough nor hoe
Will ever make me shirk,
I have a farm, a family,
And know the joy of work.

Yodel

3. The gentle breezes seem to bring
God's message from the blue,
And in my baby's smiling eyes
I see God smiling too;
I feel his presence with me now
While all is hushed and still,
Just dreamin' on the sliprail
As the sun sinks on the hill.

Yodel

PASTURES OF HOME

Sung by Slim and Joy

Words and Music by
JOHN ASHE

The musical score is written on a single staff in 3/4 time, key of G major. It includes guitar chords indicated by letters (G, C, G7, D7, A) and diagrams showing fingerings. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The score is divided into sections by a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Chords and Fingerings:

- G:** Diagram shows G on the 3rd string, 2nd fret; B on the 4th string, 2nd fret; D on the 5th string, 2nd fret.
- C:** Diagram shows C on the 5th string, 3rd fret; E on the 4th string, 3rd fret; G on the 5th string, 4th fret.
- G7:** Diagram shows G on the 3rd string, 2nd fret; B on the 4th string, 2nd fret; D on the 5th string, 2nd fret; F# on the 4th string, 4th fret.
- D7:** Diagram shows D on the 4th string, 2nd fret; F# on the 4th string, 4th fret; A on the 5th string, 2nd fret; C on the 5th string, 3rd fret.
- A:** Diagram shows A on the 5th string, 2nd fret; C on the 5th string, 3rd fret; E on the 4th string, 3rd fret.

Lyrics:

1. Sweet - heart — mine, How you loved me
so, I was a fool who must roam;
Now I — look through the mist of years,
Back to the pas - tures of home.
I would go where my spir - it called,

G D

O - ver the land and the foam, _____

G C

How I've _____ longed to be back with you,

G D G

Back to the pas - tures of home. _____ FINE

G YODEL D

Oh de lay - ee - ay de ee oh lay - ee, _____ Oh

D G

lay - ee - oh de - ee - oh lay - ee. _____ Last time D.S. \times al fine

2. Boyhood friends
 Who were strong and true,
 You were no fools who must roam,
 Who's sweet wife is my own true love,
 Back on the pastures of home.
 Mother, Mother I've laid to rest
 Under the grass and the loam,
 Now I look through the mist of tears
 Back to the pastures of home.

Yodel

3. On, still on,
 Through the world I roam,
 What does it count where I roam,
 As I look through the mist of years
 Back to the pastures of home.
 Now I'm weary I lift my eyes
 Up to the heavens blue door,
 I pray my God may receive me yet
 Back to the pastures of home.

When The Moon Across The Bushland Beams

These words were written by the late and great Mack Cormack. Mack had a sadness about his writing that reminds me of Lawson — Mack and Lawson had a lot in common. They gave the impression that their lives were a failure, well as I've said before, as failures, they both did pretty well.



WHEN THE MOON ACROSS THE BUSHLAND BEAMS

123

Words by
ALEX CORMACK

Music by
SLIM DUSTY

 *Pick, strum* **VERSES**

1. On an old home - stead ve - ran -

   dah an old man sits at rest, In his

   kind grey eyes a wist - ful mem - 'ry gleams;

  And he al - ways sits there night - ly and

  lives a - gain the past, When the moon a - cross the

  bush - land beams. And he

CHORUSES

hears the trac - tors work - ing in the fields of gold - en

grain, The work he used — to do with eight - horse

teams; And his brown old hands - they fum - ble as

though he feels the reins, When the moon a - cross — the

bush - land — beams. — beams.

Last time D.S. al

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Above each staff are guitar chord diagrams for D, A, and E major chords. The lyrics are written below the staff lines. The score includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a 'D.S. al' (Da Capo) instruction. The final line of the score shows the words 'bush - land — beams. — beams.' with long horizontal lines indicating sustained notes.

2. On the road way in the distance
Car lights come and go,
Where once the swagman tramped his lonely way;
The teamster and the drover
No longer shout, "G'day!"
As they did long ago
Along the Castlereagh.

CHORUS

For these old mates he thinks of
Are relics from the past,
They have made their bow to progress,
So it seems;
And he sees them all so clearly
As he sits out there at rest,
When the moon across the bushland beams.

3. Then a sadness settles o'er him
As he dreams of her at rest,
Sleeping 'neath the pine trees on the rise;
The years they spent together
To him were heaven blessed,
He remembers as the teardrops dim his eyes.

CHORUS

For in the early days they battled
When the drought was on the land,
When the seasons brought them doubts
And many fears;
But they battled on together,
Ever onward hand in hand,
With the courage of the early pioneers.

4. Soon he'll be called to wander
To the overland above,
To join the one who once shared all his dreams;
And I like to think he'll hear it
As he sits out there at rest,
When the moon across the bushland beams.

THE OLD RUSTY BELL

Key E: Capo 2nd Fret
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by
SHORTY RANGER & IVY WATERS

VERSES

1. For - ty years — have passed a - way — since John - nie drove his
team, And stopped be - side an old — friend's home, To
say "Gid' - day" — 'twould seem. The moth - er smiled a
friend - ly smile, Said: "John, you'll stay for tea, — You
drove your bull - ock team all day, 'Tis tired — you — must be."

CHORUS

She called her men folk on the farm, — But they

The musical score is written in E major (three sharps) and 4/4 time. It includes guitar chord diagrams for various chords, with some chords in brackets indicating capo positions. The score is divided into verses and a chorus. The lyrics are written below the musical staff.

been a joy — to tell, But I would · n't take a
for - tune for that old bull - ock bell; No I bell.

2. Now forty years have come and gone
Since Johnnie left that bell,
And yesterday I picked it up,
I remember that sound well;
It used to hang on Boomer's neck,
It dinged as he walked along,
With all the other bullocks bells
To me it was a song.

CHORUS

But the rusty bell is painted now
With initials on one side,
On the other side I put his brand
And cherish it with pride;
Away back in the twenties
When no trucks were on the road,
From Five day Creek to Kempsey
Took weeks to bring a load.

3. The bullockies would camp at night
On reserves along the way,
At the nook at Tom's Gully,
And be off at the break of day.
You could hear the bells a-ringing
While the bullocks had their rest,
There wasn't any hurry
And those bygone days were best.

CHORUS

That's why I cherish this old bell,
When I found it I was glad,
I used to hear it ringing,
It belonged to my dear old Dad.
I still remember Sargoe,
The horse he used to ride,
Jogging a-home at sundown
With Smoker by his side.
It was just a simple story,
And it's been a joy to tell,
But I wouldn't take a fortune
For that old bullock bell,
No I wouldn't take a fortune
For that old bullock bell.

YOU'VE STEPPED OUT OF LINE

Key F: Capo 3rd Fret
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Acoustic guitar

F (D) C7 (A7)

YODEL

Oh de lee oh de lee oh de lae de lay - ee -

ee, Oh lay - ee dee dee — dee.

CHORUS

Oh, you've stepped out of line for the ver - y last

time, And - a this time I know we're through;

F (D) C7 (A7)

Take your things and be gone, I won't miss you

C7 (A7) F (D)

Now? 'Cause you've tak - en my love for — you.

F (D) Bb (G) F (D)

VERSES

1. When it's night - time in the lane where we'll nev - er meet a -

F (D) C7 (A7) F (D)

gain, To - night the moon will be lone - ly;

F (D) Bb (G) F (D)

So I'm gon - na take a drive, And wait 'til he ar -

F (D) G (E) C7 (A7)

rives, And share my tears with him on - ly; Oh, you've

F (D) G7 (E7)

stepped out of line for the ver - y last time, And - a

this time I know we're through.

CODA

through; Yes, you've stepped out of line for the

ver - y last time, And - a this time I know

we're through.

Yodel




CHORUS

Oh, you've stepped out of line
 For the very last time,
 No more tears I'll waste on you,
 Now I'm out of your way,
 Go ahead cheat and play,
 I don't care if you win or lose.


2. When you're through with paintin' town
 Don't you bother coming round,
 Every day I'll be getting older,
 I'll have better things to do
 Than waste time and tears on you,
 There's no more leaning on my shoulder.
 Oh, you've stepped out of line
 For the very last time,
 And - a this time I know we're through;
 Yes, you've stepped out of line
 For the very last time,
 And - a this time I know we're through.

THIS CHAP WHO KNOWS A LOT





Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY


A7  *Pick, strum* D  G 

All lyrics are spoken








1. Now in

G  C  G  C 









every occupation that ever comes or goes, You'll always chance to

G  A7  D  G 



meet him, This chap who knows he knows. He'll talk his way in

G  C  G  C  G 









anywhere, And sometimes out again, He's everyone's adviser, And he's

D  G  C 



everybody's friend. Perhaps he was existing when man lived in a

G  C  G  A7  D 



cave, And he bragged about his fathers, The bravest of the brave.

D  G  C  G 



And he told of famous fighters, And if believed or not, Why he

felt just as important, This chap who knows a lot just couldn't help bragging,

that's all.

2. Now I

2. Now I see him as a soldier
 Who won the last great war,
 Though he never joined the army
 'Til the foe was at our door,
 And he never left Australia,
 And he hardly fired a shot,
 But he saved the situation,
 This chap who knows a lot,
 Then I see him as a farmer
 With debts upon his head,
 But he'd back his bunch of Jerseys
 Against the best that's bred.
 His fences need repairing,
 And there's foot rot through his stock,
 But he knows how to fix it,
 This chap who knows a lot;
 Just a typical Aussie,
 Too darned casual, I'd say.

3. Now you'll meet him in the cities
 Or townships further out,
 He'll always join you in a beer
 And can't return the shout,
 Then he feels for his tobaccer
 Which rarely he can find,
 But you're a sport by saying:
 "Well here have one of mine."
 And when a few you've shouted
 Just to drown his threatening cares,
 He starts on politicians
 And national affairs,
 And he tells you how the country
 Just really should be run,
 Of course that's if he was in power,
 And no doubt he'd equal some,
 No comment this time.

4. But he mostly is a drifter
 In rather careless clothes,
 And how he earns a living,
 Well, it's only him who knows.
 And he often makes a fortune,
 While talking to a friend,
 Well then why is this feller
 The worst off in the end?
 But who am I to question
 Or run this fella down,
 All sorts it takes to make a world,
 Or things would not go round.
 And we're always pleased to meet him,
 Whatever be his lot,
 And he'll always be amongst us,
 This chap who knows a lot.
 Well that's about all there is,
 I hope you've learned something.

IT'S NEVER THE SAME (MY JOURNEY HOME)

Words and Music by
SLIM DUSTY

VERSE 1

1. I thought I'd take a
trip up North to see the old place a -
gain, But it's al - ways wrong to
go back like that, For some - how it's nev - er the
same; No it's nev - ER the same as it
was years a - go, When I rode through the pad - docks in
spring, No nev - er the same as I thought it would -

Handwritten annotations: F9, 8, 12, 16, 17, 24

Chord diagrams: F, F7, C7, Bb, G7

be, The long years have changed ev - 'ry - thing.

YODEL

Hi dee de oh de la - ee, Oh de - la - ee dee,

Oh de - la - ee dee.

D.S. with repeat last time

2. The sliprails in the fence were down,
The grass on the track was long,
And the old home was still and deserted
For the old folk and family are gone.
Yes, gone from the farm and the valley,
And the people are strangers to me,
I just don't fit in around here anymore,
It's not how I thought it would be.

Yodel

3. The school house that was my childhood world,
Where teacher knew every nickname,
It once was so cosy and homely,
Even that doesn't seem just the same.
But when I heard the voices of children
Shouting and laughing at play,
My mates they seemed to be calling to me
Like an echo from my yesterday.
4. But it wasn't the way I remembered it,
The shine was rubbed off it seems,
But I'll always remember the old place,
The way I recall it in dreams.
Though it's never the same
As it was years ago
When I rode through the paddocks in spring,
No never the same as I thought it would be,
The long years have changed everything.

Yodel

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON



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BY
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